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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JUNE 1970

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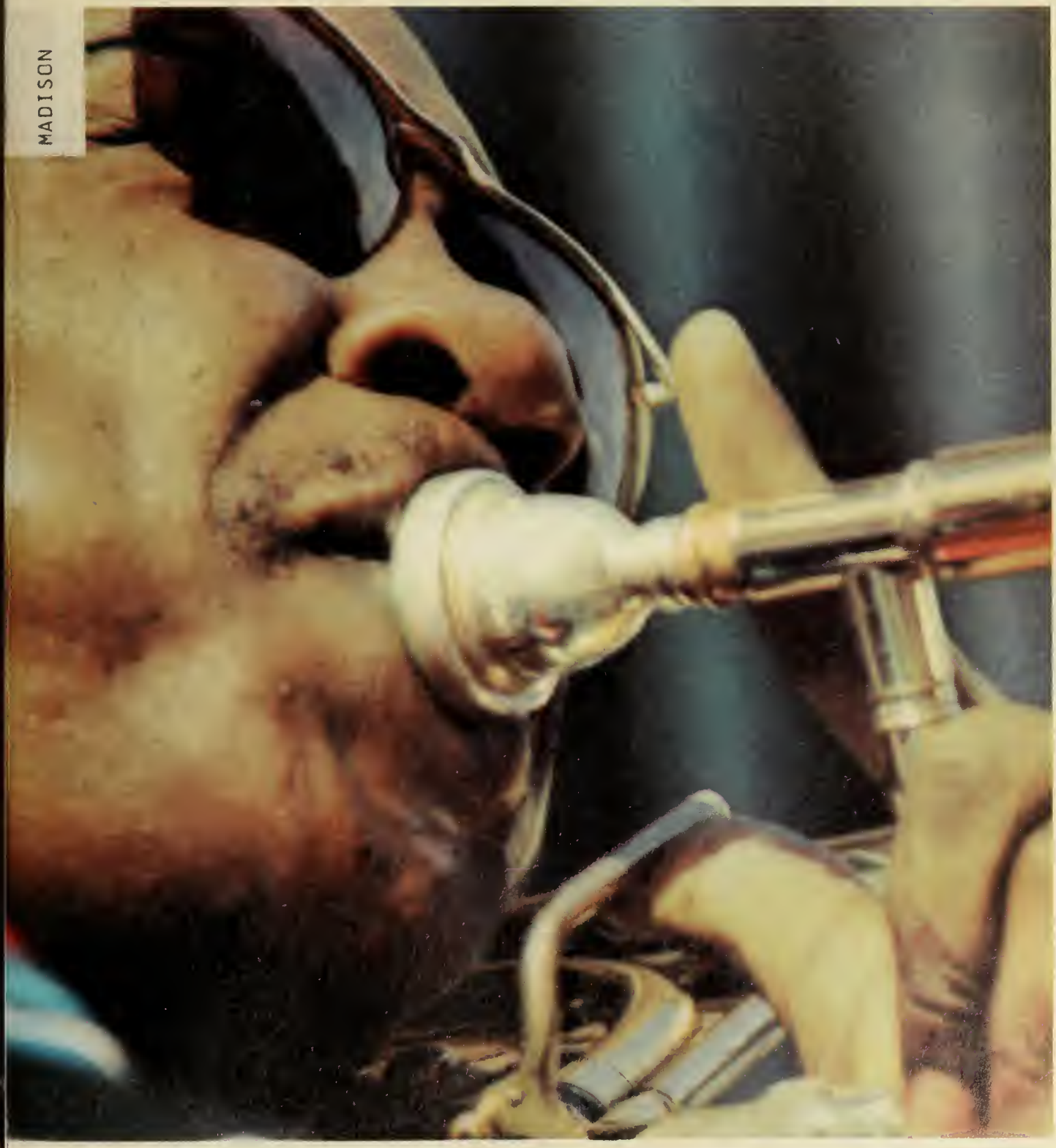
U.S. Students—At Home and Abroad
A Church and a Fountain in Indianapolis
'If I Had Another Chance at Fatherhood'



builds bridges in East Harlem [page 39].

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This is the face of jazz, a language understood by the multitudes who throng the streets of New York's East Harlem tenement district on a summer's evening. They crowd around the musician during a jazz vesper street service conducted as part of an experimental storefront ministry undertaken by the East Harlem Protestant Parish [for the story, see *It's Joyous, It's Jazz*, page 39]. Some of the music has been composed by George Cables, a professional jazz musician who works closely with the Rev. Harold Eads, a United Methodist minister on special assignment with the East Harlem parish project.

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Singing in Graz's *Minoritensaal* (concert hall).

Seven Weeks at Graz

RICHARD W. CRUMP had been in Graz, Austria, only a week when he was asked his impressions of the city. "Southern hospitality is dead—Austrian *Gemutlichkeit* lives!" he answered enthusiastically (and somewhat authoritatively, for he is a Virginian). When Richard and his 137 fellow American students left Graz six weeks later, they were even more imbued with the congeniality and warmth of the Austrian people. They also had praise for the program that brought them to Europe in the first place—the University of Graz's summer study institute.

The Graz Center is one of the latest projects of the Association of Colleges and Universities for International-Intercultural Studies (ACUIIS), an association of 30 United Methodist-related schools concerned with introducing students to foreign cultures in their original environments. Encouraged by the success of a number of ACUIIS travel seminars, the association decided to establish several study centers overseas. The Graz Center, opened last summer, was their first. Others are being planned for the Far East and Africa.

Graz, Austria's second largest city, was chosen for its rich historical past and for its strategic location between Western and Eastern Europe. It is just 50 miles from the Yugoslavian and Hungarian borders, roughly 100 miles from Vienna.

The second Graz session, which opens July 7, will follow last year's pattern. Students will receive six hours of college credit for the seven-week study period. The morning classes will cover more than 20 topics such as European art and music or advanced Russian language study. Afternoons will be devoted to study and to seeing the country.

Last summer's student experiences ranged from getting acquainted with a Graz wood-carver, to singing for the Styrian (provincial) governor in the city's historic Eggenberg Castle (where Napoleon once visited), to week-long study trips in Vienna and Munich and into Yugoslavia and Hungary.

Whether students choose Graz for a chance to study abroad without interrupting the regular academic year or simply to get off the beaten tourist track, they get a bargain. The whole thing, excluding such special fees as private music instruction, costs $850 this year which, as one student put it, is "just fantastic!"

—*Martha A. Lane*

Visiting the wood-carver's shop.

Graz: The "City of Gardens."

The Graz Center Chorus in rehearsal.

Student Safari to Africa

By MARTHA A. LANE

THEY NUMBERED only five. They were not famous or rich. One might say that they were rather average American students, in fact. But they had a goal they were determined to accomplish—determined enough to pay $1,500 apiece to travel to Africa—to spend a summer serving people they had never met before and probably never would see again.

In a nutshell, that is the story of a 1969 work-study team from Baker University, Baldwin City, Kans. The five students, accompanied by two faculty members, comprised the third group taking part in what the United Methodist-related school calls its Baker-in-Africa program.

By Jet, Train, Bus—and Thumb

Their 10-week safari began with a charter jet flight from New York City to Orly Airport, Paris, then on to Africa. From Cairo, where armed soldiers were guarding aircraft and travelers slept on terminal floors, they traveled south via the continent's east coast. Nairobi, Kenya, was modern and pleasant, the shops bright and clean. At Mombasa, Kenya, they visited sprawling and historic old Fort Jesus, went bargain-hunting, and saw a James Bond movie. On the island of Zanzibar they "seemed under constant surveillance." Still they enjoyed its native markets, a centuries-old palace and harem, a coconut ranch, clove and coffee trees.

The group spent five days at United Methodist-supported Mindolo Ecumenical Center in Kitwe, Zambia, for orientation sessions which included lectures and visits with Bishop and Mrs. Ralph Dodge. Later a train took the visitors to Lusaka, capital of Zambia, where they "hitch-hiked so easily it was like having chauffeurs." A decrepit bus took them ("just barely") to the Rhodesian border. The rest of the journey—to Bulawayo and Salisbury—was by air. They would set up headquarters at Salisbury's Ranche House College.

Don Mueller and the 'Baker pLaymen'

Anyone knowing Don A. Mueller, the flamboyant young assistant professor of theater arts at Baker, couldn't have been too surprised when he forsook his dachshund, Charles Wesley Jones, to make the trip—Don thrives on challenge and adventure. The challenge had come directly from Bishop Abel Muzorewa of the Rhodesia Area, who asked Mueller to write and produce a play dealing with the life of The United Methodist Church of Rhodesia, using both Baker students and Rhodesians in the cast. Details were to be filled in when Don arrived in Salisbury. Now he was there, "somewhat dubious and wondering whether the money we had borrowed to finance this adventure had been well invested." Who would make costumes? How would transportation be managed? And, above all, What would the play be about?

Working with him would be three members of "pLaymen," a Baker University group of actors and musicians —all laymen—involved in religious drama. Each had come to Africa for a different reason. Linda Pherigo, a sophomore, had lived in Europe for a year. She wanted to compare European, African, and U.S. cultures. Sophomore Jennifer Pettis had "always longed to help out somehow, somewhere—and this seemed to be the chance." Kipp K. Willnauer, a junior, had joined the expedition because he felt "the idea sounded daring, fun, and exciting."

For a week after the team arrived, Don talked with Salisbury United Methodists, trying to get a central idea for the play. At last he had it—a one-act musical retelling the Moses story. Through it he would speak to four needs of African Methodists described by Bishop Muzorewa: to unite behind the church's leaders, to acknowledge young leadership—as well as that of the tribal elders—to recognize the potential of women in church work, and to become more self-supporting.

For *See Here, Moses!* as he named the musical, Don chose eight men from the Harari United Methodist Church—the denomination's largest in Salisbury—to work with the "pLaymen" trio. For 14 nights they rehearsed, then the show opened at Epworth Theological Center, in a Salisbury suburb. The second performance was "in the bush"—no piano, no lights except hanging lanterns, not much of anything else in the way of equipment.

During their eight weeks in Rhodesia the "pLaymen" presented *See Here, Moses!* a dozen times, often under circumstances as varied as they were for the first two shows. Immediate reactions were heartwarming, but no more so than the quiet feedback that followed the performances, sometimes by weeks. A middle-aged cast member called the play the most exciting thing in his entire life. A seminarian said it encouraged him to return to his own country to preach. And when the Bakerites made their final adieus, their African actor friends begged them not to go: "Stay and talk with us." "We will be lonely when you leave." "You have done a beautiful thing, coming all the way from America to be with us in this play."

In the dramatists' nonplaying hours, they carried out individual assignments. Director Don Mueller taught re-

reakfast onthe train somewhere
tween Zambia and Rhodesia.

Don Mueller--
sticking his neck out again.

Dr. Jacobsen, Jill Ramel, and spectacular
Victoria Falls, from the Zambia side.

Jennifer Pettis and Kipp
Wittnauer congratulate the groom
at an African wedding.

ligious drama at Epworth Theological School, while Kipp Willnauer taught basketball through the local YMCA. His boys, 15 to 19-year-olds, received 15 hours instruction a week and stacked up an 8-0 won-lost record under his coaching.

Linda and Jenny worked in the church music service office of Methodist Headquarters in Salisbury, about a 15-minute walk from Ranche House College, and put in some time at the YWCA. For Jenny, at least, the drama work was most rewarding. "I felt our group really accomplished a lot in promoting and strengthening black-white relationships," she explains. (Rhodesia, in which a white minority rules the 95 percent black population, has been plagued with racial strife.) "Our musical play was parallel in theme to the government's situation and to the African's situation in Rhodesia. I think many Africans were encouraged by our white team's interest in the problems they were facing under their white minority's rule."

A Trio for Botswana

After a brief stay with the "pLaymen" at Ranche House College, the other three members of the Baker University team went on south to Francistown in Botswana. This trio was headed by Dr. Edward Jacobsen who was making his second Baker-related trip to Africa. During his 1968 visit Dr. Jacobsen had attended a UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization) conference on Africa's education problems, then a mathematics writing workshop. He also had laid the groundwork for a math workshop for Botswana's primary teachers. So in 1969, he simply picked up where he had left off. At a workshop in Gaberones, capital of Botswana, he introduced primary teachers to "new math."

The two student team members, junior physical-education major Jill Ramel and David Doty, a junior in premed, both drew Francistown assignments. Jill explained her work with wry humor: "They needed a PE major to go to Lusaka (in Rhodesia), but they wanted a boy—and I wasn't, so I didn't. The other opening was the nursery school in Francistown, so I took it."

Of all the Bakerites, Jill and Dave probably had to do the most preparatory studies. Jill observed nursery-school classes in Baldwin City and met numerous times with Mrs. James Edward Doty, wife of the university's president, who started the Francistown nursery school during the 1967 Baker-in-Africa program.

Dave (son of President and Mrs. Doty) spent a month in independent study at Baker, learning basic laboratory tests and techniques, and he worked weekends in a Lawrence hospital. These were his first experiences with clinical laboratory techniques, and he had to learn well because part of his African assignment was to prepare a lab manual for the Francistown hospital.

Once "on location" in Botswana, Jill moved in with an English doctor and his wife, the Chris Lockwoods. Daily she walked to her nursery school, two miles away, where she shared teaching responsibilities with two young Africans.

Dave Doty lived alone on the grounds of Francistown's Jubilee Hospital "in a small cottage with all the conveniences." His "office" was the hospital's African dispensary, where he was pretty much on his own. He also had opportunities to observe the doctors' hospital work, and to visit Dr. Don Rudy's small United Methodist mission in the wilds of Rhodesia. On such occasions the premed student was introduced as "doctor"—allowing him many experiences he would not otherwise have had.

The Bakerites were in Africa at an exciting time, historically—when the first men landed on the moon. Newspapers, radios, and the marketplaces were alive with moontalk, and at Epworth Theological College, American missionaries had pasted lunar diagrams and clippings everywhere. "But the African reaction (and that of some Europeans, too) is, 'All that money could have fed a lot of hungry people,'" Don Mueller noted.

By that time—the middle of July—other things (and the lack of them) were reminding the group of the USA. "Of such stuff as pizza, hamburgers, and coffee do we construct our memories of home," one wrote.

September found everyone back in Kansas except Dr. Jacobsen. He still is in Africa, on a two-year sabbatical, filling a UNESCO post at the University College of Nairobi, University of East Africa, and setting up a modern math program for Kenya's secondary schools.

In 10 Weeks They've Changed

So what is Baker-in-Africa all about? "We believe these summer study-and-travel trips abroad will do a great deal toward preparing our students for the world in which they must live," Baker's President Doty explains. The 1969 participants have translated his proclamation into personal experience.

"I went to find out if medicine was my true place in life," says Dave Doty. "I now believe it is. I discovered many things about myself, but I also saw America and her people, the African countries and their people, in a new light. And I believe I have been of some help to the young country of Botswana."

The trip impressed again upon Jill Ramel the fact that "many people—black and white—miss out on wonderful friendships and experiences because of their prejudices. You really see it when you get back home after an experience as great as mine—such a big separation that doesn't have to be there."

Kipp Willnauer reflects, "I realize how many of the Africans wanted further education badly—and here I was in college, doing just enough to get by."

Linda Pherigo enjoyed the many new friends she made. "But the most important thing," she feels, "is that the trip completely changed much of my outlook on life. Now I'm very interested in current affairs and what's going on in the world. Before, I rarely picked up a newspaper."

In trying to describe his summer, Don Mueller once said, "Performing for Methodist audiences in Africa is a far cry from performing in Kansas churches on Sunday morning." The same type of comparison might be made of the entire Baker-in-Africa concept. Studying "on location" is a far cry from discussing Africa in an American classroom. □

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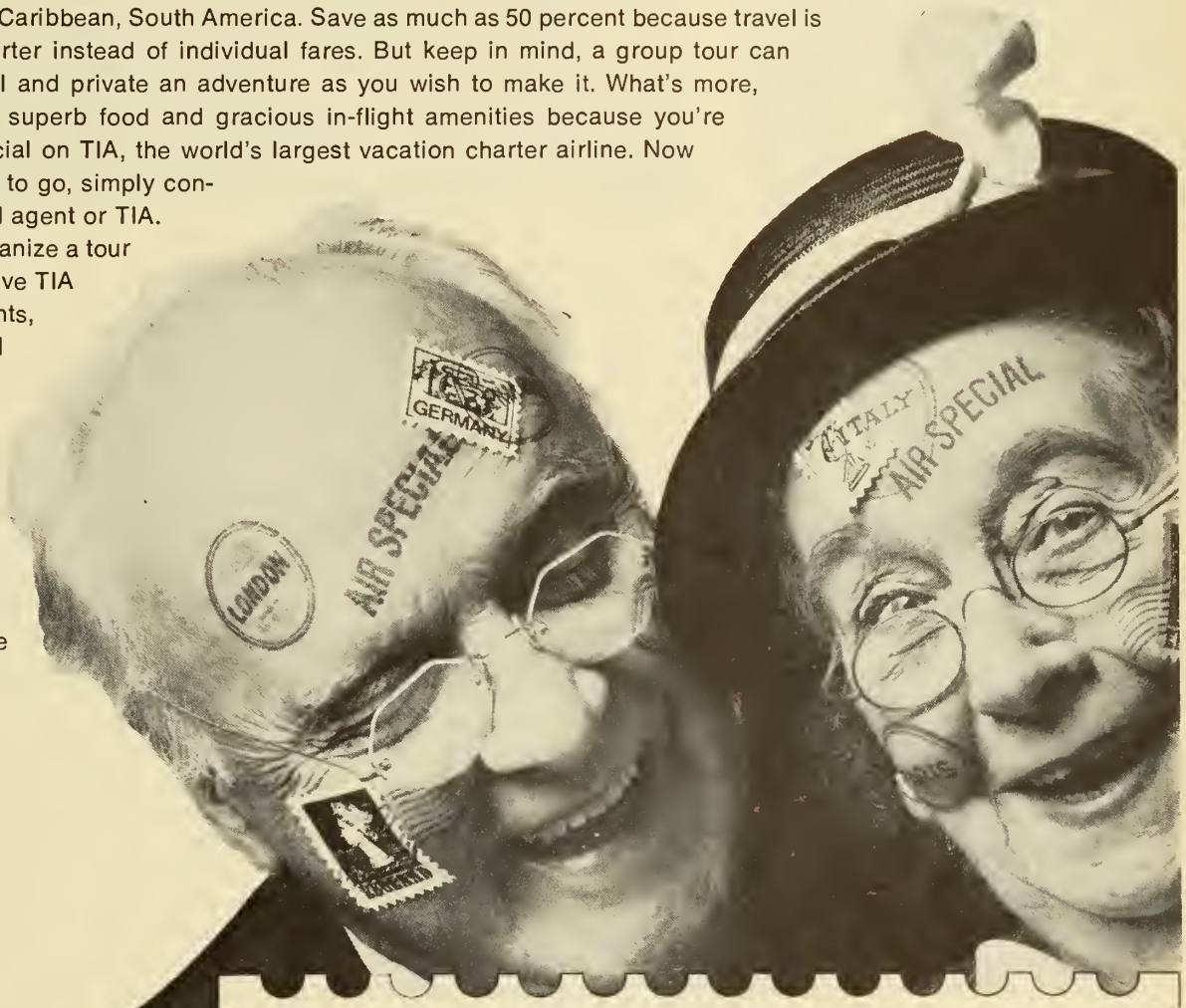

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Two Rivers, Two Races, Any Solution?

CAN ANYTHING kill a town quicker than the rumor, spread abroad, that the town already *is* dead?

One town fighting the spread of that rumor is Cairo (rhymes with where-oh), Illinois. When TOGETHER sent two men recently to the struggling town, blacks and whites alike vigorously denied that their town is dead.

Associate Editors Jim Campbell, a black native of North Carolina, and John Lovelace, a white native of Texas, found life tense but continuing in Cairo. Cairo, like the sometimes roiled, sometimes peaceful waters of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers which converge at its doorstep, has known violence (89 nights of shootings between blacks and whites in the past year), and now it knows comparative quiet (enforced, in part, by some 60 state police in town around the clock at a cost of $3,500 per day).

Cairo is the one town where auto license plates advertise "Land of Lincoln" but some residents can boast of living 25 miles *south* of the Mason-Dixon line. Hunkered on the southernmost tip of the land of the great emancipator, Cairo has been called the most polarized community in the nation.

The town's most highly visible white liberal, attorney Robert Lansden, told Campbell and Lovelace that if the nation's racial problems can't be whipped in Cairo, they're not whippable.

"The problems are of manageable size here," declares this man who says blacks have never exceeded 40 percent of the population in the 60 years he's lived there, whether the population is the present 8,500 or the more than twice that number which he knew as a boy. Therefore, he concludes, Cairo blacks can never win their demands at the ballot box but must work through existing political parties.

Another who has known Cairo since childhood is Mayor Pete Thomas. An auto dealer thrust into politics six months ago to fill an unexpired term, Thomas says, "We are 10 years ahead of the nation in civil-rights progress." He points to a black city councilman (one out of four) and the black public-school superintendent among other black leaders as proof.

At 24 the undisputed head of the town's black United Front, the Rev. Charles Koen sees Cairo as a symbol of the nation. Also a Cairo native, he says, "Racial sickness and hatred in many other cities is just as bad as it is in Cairo. But it is more controlled elsewhere. It can't be controlled where the people are not educated."

Interestingly, most local historians begin their description of Cairo's racial progress with a 1943-44 lawsuit presented by Thurgood Marshall, then with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and now a justice on the U.S. Supreme Court. Marshall won a suit for pay equalization for Cairo's black schoolteachers.

Cairo achieved at least token integration of public schools in 1952, two years *before* the Supreme Court outlawed separate but equal schools. Bombings and shootings accompanied this change.

Racial disturbances also followed attempts to integrate the city swimming pool in 1962 (it was closed three weeks later and remains closed).

The mysterious hanging of a black Cairo soldier in the city jail in 1967 led to riots and fire-bombings by blacks. That same year whites organized a group called "White Hats" (because of the white helmets they wore), allegedly "to protect our families, our homes, and our property." The White Hats grouped 600 citizens and drilled conspicuously in the downtown park. Some were deputized as deputy sheriffs or deputy coroners. They cruised the town at night, sometimes with shotguns and rifles protruding from car windows.

Last spring the White Hats disbanded under pressure from the state government, and the law granting legal status to vigilante groups was repealed at the same time. But a new white group sprang up, United Citizens for Community Action (UCCA). With a membership of 2,000 it states its purpose: "To provide a broadly supported community-action group composed of responsible citizens of all walks of life without regard to race, color, creed, national origin, political affiliation, or economic status; to find solutions to present problems and set goals for community development by uniting the responsible citizens of Cairo."

To strengthen their own position and ties within the black community, blacks formed the "United Front," a coalition of organizations claimed by blacks to be representative of the majority of the goals and feelings of the blacks of Cairo. Since April, 1969, the United Front has boycotted Cairo merchants and made several demands upon the city of Cairo including:

1. The fire and police departments must be 50 percent black.
2. Blacks must make up half the board of directors of the Cairo Public Utilities Commission.
3. Blacks must be employed by the administrative branch of the city

Bob Cunningham

Preston Ewing (above), president of the Cairo NAACP, says local problems stem from white inability to deal with black progress. Bob Cunningham heads a white citizen's group claiming a membership of 2,000. Sister Joan Marie administers a hospital which seeks to serve the total community. Newspaper Editor Martin Brown believes the church can be an integral force in solving some of Cairo's tense racial problems.

Sister Joan Marie

Editor Martin Brown

in all areas of the city of Cairo.

4. A black chief of police must be hired.

Forming the new groups of blacks and the whites brought about an even greater polarization of the races in Cairo even though both claim residents of opposite races in their memberships.

Mayor Thomas estimates that the polarized groups make up about 10 percent of the population. The other 90 percent, he says, is made up of good-faith citizens "who want to settle this." Sister Joan Marie, administrator of St. Mary's, the town's only hospital, agrees with the mayor's groupings but does not necessarily accept his percentages.

Sister Marie, a tiny but firm member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in Notre Dame, Indiana, is representative of Cairo's leaders caught between the divisions. She says the United Front insists that neither she nor the hospital administration can remain neutral, but she and the hospital have both declined membership in UCCA and have openly broken the Front's boycott.

Sister Marie states, "We have had to say to the entire community that there are 10 sisters here who are desperately needed elsewhere (the order operates eight other hospitals and loses more money in Cairo than elsewhere). If the community will not let us serve all persons, there is no reason for us to stay."

The search for some bright word about the role of the church in Cairo is a depressing one. The church has reached a damned-either-way-it-moves predicament. The editor of the town's daily newspaper, Martin Brown of the *Cairo Evening Citizen*, says, "The surest way to kill the church here is for it to take a side."

Brown is one of three white Cairo leaders who told TOGETHER that the church had been guilty of spending money or approving programs in Cairo without first getting the facts. The newsman especially criticizes church money, specifically United Methodist funds, sent to the community without local participation or control.

Attorney Lansden commends the very action that Editor Brown condemns. Lansden said United Methodists have been more quietly effective than any other Protestant group in Cairo. He is especially pleased with United Methodist money from the Southern Illinois Conference which helped establish an office in Cairo to offer legal assistance to the poor and dispossessed. Working closely with the denomination's General Board of Christian Social Concerns, the program was officially channeled

the cross and the switchblade

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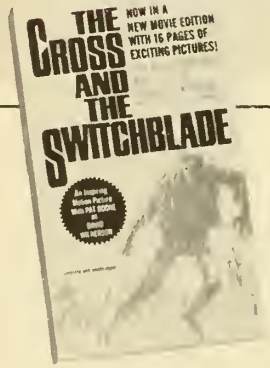

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through a group, The Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law (LCCRUL). LCCRUL has been an effective legal agency in several cities across the nation. But LCCRUL caused quite a furor among many Cairo citizens when they learned that its local origin had come about through church funds. Whites were unhappy when they realized that the ones benefitting most from the program were blacks who in most instances had ties with the United Front.

Conference officials were quick to point out that LCCRUL aided the needy, who in Cairo's situation happened to be blacks. They also pointed out that in other areas of the nation such an agency might well be utilized by American Indians, Mexican-Americans, or migrant workers. The conference also hired a black minister of reconciliation, Ken McNeil, to work with minority groups within conference borders. Interestingly, McNeil seems to be well accepted by blacks and whites in Cairo even though he works out of East St. Louis, Ill., about 160 miles from Cairo. He says the problems could have been solved a year ago with eight or nine city jobs and appointive posts for blacks, "but not any more."

Members of the town's two white United Methodist congregations feel betrayed by their denomination. One member who insisted on anonymity said alleged church assistance to black militants "is just like a cloud hanging over our church." Two other members, likewise specifying they must be protected by anonymity, said the local church has been hurt by literature which seems to side with the black militants and not with "good solid, property-owning, family-rearing citizens."

When these members were asked, in their pastor's presence, what the church can do to help relieve Cairo's racial tensions, they almost as on a signal placed their heads in their hands and intoned, "That's the problem . . . what to do . . ." One woman said, "We feel guilty but we are not sure why. Now we're not sure what we could have done."

Within a month of the reporters' visit, an effort was underway to make church funds available to the Community Recreation Committee, a volunteer program begun last year by the wife of a black physician, with active participation of leaders from black and white communities.

One of two Cairo United Methodist clergymen, the Rev. Victor Herman, has pastored both First United Methodist and First Presbyterian Churches since the Presbyterian pastor left town. He says, "I don't talk directly about race relations in my sermons at either church. I figure I cannot lead my people until I get them to church, and I've tried to build their confidence in me." Worship-service attendance, including visitors, averages 42 persons out of 175 members.

United Front leaders volunteer few opinions about Cairo's white churches, and they answer questions about the church dispassionately. One leader was especially critical of churchmen, saying they take their six-day race attitudes into the church, either as active participants in the polarities or as apathetic bystanders. Another calls the pastors sheep rather than shepherds.

The town's most controversial white minister is the Rev. Charles Montroy, sent by Bishop Albert Zuroweste, of the Roman Catholic Belleville diocese, in August, 1968, to "develop an experimental program for poor and blacks" of Cairo and surrounding Alexander County. He aligned quickly with the United Front. Father Montroy says the proof of the church's sickness in Cairo is that there is not one white Protestant church with a black member. He has no kinder words for his fellow Catholics, saying the town's one parish has a couple of members "from the black bourgeois."

United Front leaders are critical of President Nixon's declaration of Cairo last year as a disaster area, qualifying the town for emergency government loans to small businesses. The Front says this was an outright attempt to help break its year-old boycott against Cairo merchants, during which time seven stores have closed.

There is some chance that the church can help mediate this point. Some United Methodist efforts have been made to secure Board of Missions funds to go with governmental small-business loans to help start some businesses.

Editor Brown commends this and sees still two other areas deserving church action. He says church funds could help provide low-cost housing and help finance labor-retraining.

The latter is crucial, in Brown's

Announcement ....

What's UP?

In publishing, most everything: paper, printing, postage, salaries. For this reason, TOGETHER will combine the AUGUST/SEPTEMBER issues this year. Publication date: August 15th.

This economy will permit TOGETHER to sustain its quality throughout the year *without* increasing the subscription rate. The rate remains $3 a year, through your TOGETHER AGENT.

The August/September TOGETHER features a personal witness story you will have to read to believe: "Bolivia's 'In the World' Christian" by Harvey Stower.

Alvaro Alarcon, a gentle man and award winning playwright, was once chief of Bolivia's tough secret police. His call to serve Christ and the Church is testimony indeed to the power of the Holy Spirit. His mother was a communist. His father a pro-Hitler fascist.

Today, Alvaro Alarcon, a man of paradox, is a symbol of relevant Christianity throughout troubled Latin America.

Together®

For United Methodist Families

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opinion. He says Cairo's principal problem is unemployment (an estimated 8.6 percent of the work force is unemployed, and the percentage runs as high as 20 percent among black males). Brown states, "Our racial problems wouldn't disappear, but they would be a lot easier to handle if we had more jobs." He also sees Cairo making good use of the kinds of workers available through United Methodism's Voluntary Service program.

Dr. William Bennett, administrative assistant to United Methodist Bishop Lance Webb of the Springfield area, says no other area has received more attention than Cairo. "I've been in more meetings than I can count where we asked each other, 'What can we do about Cairo?' " He mentions efforts by both Illinois and National Councils of Churches to mediate the town's strife, but he acknowledges that most church efforts "are interpreted as alignments with the United Front."

Cairoans declare they are sick and tired of the national spotlight. And Mayor Thomas, Editor Brown, and the United Front's Koen and others agree that they would like to see the town attract new industry, more jobs, more money . . . with justice, Koen would add.

Anyone spending any time in Cairo cannot go away without wondering about its future. The economic depression, irrational views, and distrust have caused these differences to break out more violently than in most other communities. The community is encumbered with despair but also buoyed by hope.

The tide of social change is forcing Cairo to come together. In a long report loaded with federalese acronyms, the Chicago Regional Council of Federal Agencies said massive federal assistance—in housing, health, loans, jobs—could not be provided until Cairo establishes a task force "carefully worked out in a manner agreeable to concerned civic and citizens' organizations." It was widely understood that this would have to include UCCA and the United Front.

Bishop Webb insists that the church must maintain a witness in Cairo, "and we [conference office] intend to do all we can to help."

The voice of the church remains alive, if muted, in Cairo. And thus it could remain.

More urgent immediately is whether Cairo leaders—black and white, in office and out—can regain the ability to reason which some seem to have lost. The same flood of social change which can bring benefits, jobs, money, relief of tensions, and a revived citizenry can inundate and destroy Cairo as it already has threatened to do. Or, perhaps even more damning, the flood can bypass Cairo, leaving the town to wither further while life-saving social waters flow elsewhere even as nature's nearby streams continue their inexorable flow south. □

Films & TV

IF YOU are white, imagine for a moment what it must have been to live as a black child in a small town in Kansas, or Georgia, in 1939. You have managed to get the 10¢ it costs to see a movie, and now, nestled in your seat (in the segregated balcony if you are in the South), you see images of your people up there on the screen. The women are big, stern mammies or frightened, shifty servant girls; the men are shuffling or humble; the children, wild-eyed and scared. Of course, if you are black, you don't have to imagine. You remember.

Not until after World War II did the black man begin to emerge on screen as a human being rather than a servant or a comic foil. When blacks ceased to be "invisible," to use Ralph Ellison's phrase, Hollywood had to include them in films. But the problem in a racist society has been to provide black visibility without offending white (ticket-buying) sensibilities. The solution: develop a star like Sidney Poitier in roles where his contacts with white women were minuscule. In ***Patch of Blue***, Poitier gently kisses a ***blind*** white girl; in ***Lilies of the Field***, he is befriended by nuns; in ***Guess Who's Coming to Dinner***, he plans to marry a white girl, but the only time they kiss is hidden (from camera) in the backseat of a taxi.

The black child growing up in 1970 will no longer be degraded by old-fashioned film stereotypes, but he still cannot escape the reality that what he sees in films was made for a white audience. The cinematic portrayal of race remains a sketching-in of the problem, seldom a careful development of the depth of our national racism. An honest facing of racism would be, in Hollywood's judgment, a box-office disaster.

The Liberation of L. B. Jones (*R*) is a recent example. Jones is a black undertaker in a Tennessee town whose wife is cheating on him with a local white policeman. Jones wants a divorce, but the local white lawyer wants to discourage him because the black-white scandal would be bad for the (white) town. Each character in the film fits a stereotype of today: the black hussy; the red-neck white policeman; the town lawyer working for the "good" of his community; the handsome young liberal lawyer who leaves in disgust; and the revenge-seeking black man back from prison. None of these relationships is developed with sensitivity or insight into the southern dilemma; they are merely illustrated, complete with two ugly murders that exploit rather than explain hatred.

Halls of Anger (*GP*) is a "race" film that is somewhat more effective in depicting black-white relations. The setting is a ghetto high school where white students are bussed to bring about token integration. Black students resent the newcomers, their (lack of) color, and their superior education. A fight triggers a near riot, and the film ends on the uneasy note that peace is not yet present. Black performers in this film are excellent, especially James Watson as a young black militant whose hatred stifles his artistic creativity.

Calvin Lockhart, as a black teacher trying to reach his students, tries unorthodox methods, insisting that the old system was molded for "Whitey," so "we've got to break the mold." The language in **Halls** is raw, the tension constant, but this is true to ghetto schools in transition, and to our racist society, which is hopefully in its own transition toward improvement.

Lola Falana (left) is part of Hollywood's new look in race films. Here she confers with lawyer Lee J. Cobb in a scene from The Liberation of L. B. Jones.

Today's young black child looking for insight and hope into his future won't find much in the fiction film. But he could have found inspiration and support in the March 24 presentation of **King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis**, a documentary tracing the brief career of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. This picture now is available for rental by church and other local groups. Youngsters of all races need to see **King**, a stirring and sobering view of what one man suffered so that many could be free. It is an image of a black man that at least begins to atone for the Stepin Fetchits of the 1930s.

—*James M. Wall*

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

May 20, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Missian Possible: They Care for the Natian*. Third special on ecalagy.

May 21, 8-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—Fifth Dimension special: *Odyssey in the Cosmic Universe of Peter Max*.

May 21, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on NET—*The Taking*. Dromo of o cammunity threatened by a highway praject.

May 22, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT an NBC—*The Great Barrier Reef*. Reveols destructian coused by varacious starfish.

May 23, 12-1 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Wilderness Raad*. A children's special.

May 24, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EDT an CBS—*The Anatomy of a Symphony*. Leanard Bernstein narrates, canducts Respighi's *Pines of Rome*.

May 26, 9-10 p.m. EDT on NET—NET Festivol: *Portrait of a Director*. Spatlights Arthur Penn.

May 26, 10-11 p.m. EDT an CBS—*60 Minutes*.

May 27, 10-11 p.m. EDT an NBC—*Shining Mountains*. The Calarada Rockies.

May 28, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Playhouse: *Canfrontatian*. Anatomy of o student rebellion.

June 2, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

June 2, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Festival: Benjamin Britten's opera *Peter Grimes*.

June 4, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT an NET—NET Playhause: *El Teatro Cantesino*. Grape strike review, with pickets participating.

June 7, 9-11 p.m., EDT an ABC—The Emmy Awards.

June 10, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT an ABC—Jacques Cousteou special: *The Water Planet*.

June 10, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT an CBS—*Yau're in Love, Charlie Brawn*.

June 11, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Playhause: *Ceremony of Innocence*. Stars Richard Kiley.

June 18, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT an NET—NET Playhouse: *A Generation af Leaves: America, Inc.* Three clashing views an aur natian.

June 20, 11:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., EDT an NBC—*Kid's-Eye View of Washington*. A children's speciol.

In late June, NBC will present *Harvest of Shame Ten Years Later*. Plight of the migratary work ofter a decade. Watch yaur local listings far time and date. □

If I Had Another Chance at Fatherhood

By C. WILLIAM CHILMAN

FORTUNATELY or unfortunately, the direction of parenthood for most of us is one way. It moves only forward and onward. The glorious prospect of doing better the second time around—using more mature knowledge and experience—is a wishful myth for most of us. The film of life can't be cranked backward to those as-you-were episodes of child-rearing to shoot the scene over again, differently and with greater expertise.

But wistfully and quite honestly, I wish it could. My own three daughters are grown and gone now. My time as a father—at least in a direct, immediate sense—is done. Now come the remembering, the self-appraisal. "I could have been a better father," I concede, peering into the mirror of my conscience. "I wish I had. I *would* be if I could do it over."

Our daughters—now in their 20s—are on their own, sprinkled about the country and absorbed in their lives as independent young adults. Their years at home, seemingly interminable while they lasted, are only memories. The breakfast table that vibrated with the morning vigor of the young now is deserted and strangely free of spilled milk and forgotten bobby pins and notebooks. The tick of the mantel clock—the glass door of which was smashed by a tossed orange that the tossee didn't catch—is loudly and implacably distinct. The rooms that rang with youthful rage, grief, and hilarity are drained of all emotion. Where but yesterday was an ankle-deep clutter of doll gear, coloring books, and guppy tanks, there now lies a clean and sterile void.

Yes, they are gone. And looking back, it was over so surprisingly soon. How quickly your time together is done, with what amazing speed one is left with the empty shell of a house and a churning mix of memories.

"Where could I have thought and acted more wisely?" I now wonder to myself. "Why couldn't I have given Jeanne more sympathy and understanding that time the high-school sorority turned her down? And why did I have to fly into a savage temper when Peggy changed the *F* in algebra to a *C* on her report card?"

Having turned three new citizens loose upon the world, I know we gave them much that is sound and durable and good. But as their father, I also know my

own job could have been done better. For me there is no second chance. But there are younger parents who might draw benefit and resolve from my experiences.

The first thing my wife and I would do differently is the planning of our family. Our children were spaced at two-year intervals. In retrospect, we feel that neither of us had time to enjoy any of our babies except the first. And we had so much to learn as new parents—and worked at it with such grim determination—that you could hardly call her babyhood a relaxed experience for any of us! As a result, our children were cheated out of the full expansion of their babyhood and we—their parents—were cheated out of this brief and delightful stage of their lives. Three-year spacing looks better to us now.

The next issue I'd handle differently is the matter of subsequent babies. I'd really bend double, in my next stint at fatherhood, to carve out just as big a block of love and tender attention for the second as I did for the first. Peggy was a sturdy, impulsive sort, hearty and overflowing with an eager, benign violence. She was a headlong, blockbusting youngster, the kind who flung her toys to the four corners of the house, pulled a bookcase down on herself, and knocked over lamps. She greeted the morning with whoops of joy, and subsided each night in sobs of rage because the great adventure of life must be briefly suspended. I was worn thin by it all, but hugely amused by it, too. It was the same zestful wildness I found so captivating in her mother.

By contrast, Jeanne—our second child—was a quiet, easily satisfied baby, readily diverted, and seemingly bovine and placid. But there was a deceptive side to her makeup. She was also painfully sensitive, the sort of child whose nerve endings hang out in the open, who feels and reacts with exaggerated depth to every hurt.

Without my being aware of it, Jeanne became a kind of second-class citizen, an underdog to her sister. Although she got what I thought was enough attention, love, and comfort, it never seemed to quite fill the tank of her being. It was as if I were expecting Jeanne to take her chances in a fixed situation, to revolve like a satellite around her elder sister as best she might. I found myself becoming irritated at her extreme sensitivity to pain and noise. Always, with this second baby, I had a feeling of insufficiency, of never quite giving enough.

Next time—if there could be a next time—I'd try to divide myself more evenly among my children. I'd ask the firstborn to join in the sharing. Together all of us would shape the wider, warmer niche the important new arrivals need to grow and thrive in their own right.

My third resolve would be better self-control. My particular liability—and most fathers have one—is a low boiling point. I get vastly irritated when the going gets rough, when a day-long series of wrongs stacks up, when stress becomes compounded. Wanton carelessness by the children—or what I *felt* was wanton carelessness—used to set my temper seething. Or laziness, or too great pursuit of pleasure, or some colossal excess—like that pair of hamsters that got smuggled into the house.

Consider, for example, this homecoming: It had been a bruising day at the office. I had dashed steadily from one meeting's inconsequence to the next, nine in all. At the executive committee meeting over luncheon, a couple of ego-jolting remarks were made about my report. My wife called to say she had neglected to enter a check in the checkbook, which meant we were overdrawn. At 5:45, the last meeting over, I leaned back in my chair and for the first time became aware of the low backache which—if past experience was any guide—presaged flu.

I started for the bus, thoughts turning fondly to the prospect of a quiet dinner, the children who would be lovely but mercifully mute and undemanding, the house that would be serenely ordered and beautiful, the hot shower that would run deliciously down my back, then the marvelous softness of bed. The bus stop was crowded. There was no express in sight, so I squeezed onto a jammed local. There were no seats.

Finally, bone weary but delighted to be home, I rounded the corner by the picket fence and strode up the front walk. I barely missed a roller skate that had been abandoned squarely in the center of the path.

Reaching for the doorknob, I spotted a black space in the French door, where—sure enough—*another* pane had been kicked out. "This will be the fifth pane I've had to replace," I fumed to myself. At this moment, a high-pitched, agonized yelp went up from the back steps. A foundling mongrel with a broken forepaw was being nurtured there by an enraptured but grimy daughter. Entering the house, I was informed that a fuse had just blown, on the circuit that included the refrigerator.

To be confronted with this whole pyramid of crises—each screaming for solution—was too much. This house, this little corner of earth, was the one place in the world where I could let go. So, flinging to the winds whatever fragments of calm and wisdom remained, I did let go. My stack blew with a shuddering roar.

The womenfolk were quickly and unanimously reduced to grief. Dinner—a total failure on all counts when we at last sat down to it—was punctuated with snifflings and the quiet downflow of tears.

SO THERE it was—a perfectly human, man-type reaction to build-up, layer-on-layer stress. Understandable though it may have been, blowups have only a negative, jolting, and almost destructive effect.

Then there was the confrontation with Peggy about the report card *F* in algebra which she had doctored—smudgily and not at all convincingly—to read as a *C*. She had never done this before; in fact, she had never failed any subject before. Outraged by her attempted camouflage of the report card more than by the *F* itself, I really chewed her out. I rang in the terrors of college entrance, heaped on coals of fire about sloppy study habits, and quite reduced the poor girl to shreds. So all right, she did pass algebra the next grading period and got a *C* for the semester. But wouldn't it have been wiser, and certainly more kind, if I had sought to find what lay beneath this lapse in math, this temporary slump? When she had signaled for help, I had applied the meat cleaver.

A youngster remembers—and regrets—the sound and fury of these outbursts long after the causes have shrunk to their proper perspective or been forgotten. For that reason, if I had another chance at fatherhood, I would strive for greater self-control. Next time, I'd even seek professional counsel.

Fourthly, in my next round as a father, I'd give a higher

priority to rest and respite from the pressures of work, community, community service, and out-of-town travel. Just the day-to-day processes of living and livelihood-making—child-rearing, homemaking, shopping, schooling, career-building, work, even relaxation—must be carried on in an atmosphere of tension, competition, high pressure, congestion, and noise.

A man, especially a young father, has a weedy row to hoe. Just being male involves a lifelong struggle to be adequate, a constant striving toward toughness of fiber and toward the traditional image of manly competence.

By and large, the man on his way up likes to see himself—and be seen—as popular socially, an excellent husband, father, neighbor, host, bridge partner, sportsman, wit, competent householder, man of property, and all-around good fellow. If he lives in the intimate, folksy climate of a suburb (as we did when a young family), he may find himself drawn—even propelled—into all sorts of community-service, "good citizen" activities.

This happens with astonishing ease. It happened to me. Partly out of a need for self-importance and recognition, and partly out of what I believe was sincere civic enterprise, I became immersed in a welter of suburban entrapments—village recreation commission, Kiwanis, Civic Club, day-care center, teen-age canteen, public health committee, and others. There was some involvement nearly every night.

All this was at a time when I was carrying a heavy professional load, when the children were small, when we had no help aside from a now and then baby-sitter, and when I commuted 20 miles a day on a crowded bus. Other men I knew did the same, and more. All of us were overworked and overcommitted.

So were our wives. They not only had to bear the day-in-and-day-out load of managing and coping with the home, they also had to shoulder the neighborhood relationships, settle fights among the young, and keep their poise before the competitiveness of others. They, too, were drawn and thrust into community good works. Their pressures also built up, and spilled over onto us, their husbands. Without warning, a man might find himself sandbagged into driving the Blue Bird group to the zoo or being a poll watcher in the school-board election.

Then there were the books and pamphlets we read on child development—the ones that so often portrayed parenthood in broad, perfect brush strokes. Some seemed much too child centered, conceived in disregard of parents as human, vulnerable people. These made my wife and me feel guilty about our own physical and emotional needs—as though we should eternally give, endure, and meet each child-rearing crisis with unfailing poise and wisdom.

The pushing, the striving, the constant driving to get ahead, achieve, to be someone, all gathered and grew. Taut as a coiled spring, I found myself running instead of walking, cutting people short on the phone, continually eyeing the clock, even forgetting to laugh.

So in doing it over again, I'd try not to burn up the track. I'd begin with eight hours sleep every night, and perhaps a brief rest before dinner. The lawn could wait to be mowed every two weeks. Except for the one or two vital community jobs that I really did well, I'd jettison all civic commitments. I'd push less for that elusive promotion. I'd sit in the backyard more, under the Chinese elm, and relax with my wife and children.

In the amiable condition that would result from greater rest and less pushing, in the added hours and the decompression that would follow from civic activities eased onto other shoulders, I'd enjoy my family more. I'd look at my wife more often—and with greater concern and compassion. I'd ask how the battle went with her, and remember to say I loved her, not just assume she knew it. And I'd see the children not as nettles and barbs to be dealt with but as small humans with important needs and tender feelings.

One can become so engrossed in the pursuit of a career, so buried by what one believes is civic obligation, so driven by household chores and upkeep, and so absorbed with the control of children's disorder that living itself gets mislaid. I found myself overlooking the wonderfully funny details of the children's growing up. I kept forgetting we were people—a family of people.

There was the time at the New York State Fair when the Onondaga Indians were dancing their "green corn" dance. My wife and I each thought the other had hold of seven-year-old Peggy's hand. At that instant, we both spied a great bobbing of golden braids and a pink round-faced grinning among the dancing Indians. There she was, up on the stage, shuffling joyfully along with the best of them, with all the ridiculous unlikelihood of a Marx Brothers comedy sequence. Red-faced and vexed, I coaxed her to me and lifted her down. Next time, I'd let her go on—right down to the final shuffle.

Our youngest, Cathy, had a violent passion for toy farms. Her room was a happy chaos of barns, pigpens, hen yards, and sheep pastures that not only covered the free floor area but extended under the bed, over the bookcase, onto the windowsill, and into the closet.

The nagging clutter of it, seen daily from the hallway outside, finally pushed me over the brink. One Saturday I bulldozed my way in by pushing the vacuum-cleaner nozzle ahead of me, thus clearing a narrow path. I did get up the worst of the mess—the grass clippings (hay), bits of acorn pulp (grain), and pots of water.

Next time, I'd struggle to see it for what it was—a child's imaginative fabrication that was the very stuff of her world. For me, it could have been a thing of wonder and delight, if I had taken the trouble to see it through her eyes, if I had really opened my mind to it.

This then is how I'd try to improve in my golden rerun of fatherhood: three-year spacing between the children, a full and equal break for the second and third babies, stronger self-control, more rest and freedom from external pressures and commitments, and greater enjoyment of my family as uniquely wonderful people. Together they would add up—for me—to a more peaceful coming to terms with life itself, less striving for preeminence, and more time-taking and loving human contact with my wife and offspring. □

Condensed from If I Had Another Chance at Fatherhood *from the April, 1969, issue of* Today's Health, *published and copyrighted by the American Medical Association. Used by permission.*—Your Editors

NEWS

GENERAL CONFERENCE SPECIAL REPORT

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The special 1970 session of United Methodism's General Conference churned through five days of business, then sputtered to a stop when too many delegates decided to leave before the official adjournment. It was believed the first time in 102 years that a Methodist General Conference had been forced to adjourn for lack of a quorum. Only about a dozen of many reports not acted upon were considered of special significance.

In spite of its faltering conclusion, the St. Louis meeting moved decisively on a number of major matters. Bishop John Wesley Lord, new president of the Council of Bishops, told the delegates remaining in Kiel Auditorium when the meeting ended: "The conference that no one wanted has become the conference in which God has spoken to his people."

Not surprisingly, some of the actions were responses to demands of pressure groups—the black and the young in particular. What was surprising, however, was the restraint, the calm dignity and courtesy with which the opposing groups confronted each other.

In the week's one major demonstration some 300 Black Methodists for Church Renewal and their friends were granted permission to surround the delegates, as BMCR president James M. Lawson told them, "in love and in witness." He presented five requests including financial askings of $21.5 million a year. Three days later, the delegates approved a four-part program, including a reordering of the denomination's World Service budget for the next two years to provide a minimum of $2 million annually for the new United Methodist Commission on Religion and Race to use in service to minority groups, plus $5 million a year for the 12 United Methodist colleges historically operated for Negroes.

Responding to the presence of a large number of youth, the delegates offered 10 nonvoting seats for young people on the conference floor, opened up study commissions to youth representation,

Quiet demonstrators for BMCR surround the conference floor "in love and in witness."

and acted on two constitutional amendments. If ratified by the annual conferences, they would eliminate the 21-year age requirement for annual-conference membership, and give each district two youth members in annual conferences.

Three other amendments previously approved by the annual conferences were ratified, but a fourth, a measure to permit the Council of Bishops to name one of its members as a full-time secretary, was defeated.

In other actions the conference:

+ Asked all United Methodists to give thorough study to the Plan of Union for the proposed Church of Christ Uniting.

+ Heard progress reports from three study commissions working on the formulation of new statements of theological beliefs and social principles and on proposals to change church structure.

+ Asked that states remove abortion from their criminal codes and regulate it as a medical practice.

+ Passed a youth-sponsored resolution calling the church to recognize environmental pollution as "an immediate crisis."

+ Condemned use of local United Methodist churches for private schools when the major purpose is to preserve racially segregated education.

A complete summary of conference action will appear in TOGETHER's July issue.

'HYPHENATED' METHODISTS DUE BOOKS, STRATEGIES

A hyphen is a tiny punctuation mark, but it can indicate sizable gaps, as for Spanish-speaking or Asian-American United Methodists.

New materials and a new awareness are on the way to close some of those gaps among the hyphenated brethren.

Man's Search for a Meaningful Faith, the first book in an adult study series introduced to former Methodists in 1967, will be available this summer in Spanish. Only other curriculum resource in Spanish is *Lecciones Cristianas,* a quarterly magazine with circulation of about 6,000.

The Board of Education's Division of the Local Church is producing the translation-revision. Dr. Howard Ham, division general secretary, said there has been some hesitancy within the church to produce Spanish materials because many persons, including Spanish-speaking Americans, feel everyone should use English as quickly as possible. But he added that he feels publication of resources in both languages is a good way to build bridges of reconciliation between the cultures.

Almost at the same time the new Spanish curriculum resource was announced, The Methodist Publishing House said it expects to publish a hymnal for Spanish-speaking United Methodists by 1973.

The new hymnal will resemble *The Methodist Hymnal,* 1966 edition, and is scheduled for 512 pages, with approximately 208 hymns from its English-language prototype and 165 from other hymnals, including Spanish-language sources. Most recent predecessor to the planned new hymnal was published in 1956.

There are an estimated 32,000 United Methodists among the nation's 7 million Spanish-speaking people. More than half of them are in the Rio Grande Annual Conference of Texas and New Mexico.

Farther west, some 50 United Methodist ministers of Chinese, Filipino, Japanese, and Korean heritage recently reasserted the identity, unity, and distinctiveness of the ethnic communities they serve.

In a consultation with the Western Jurisdiction's College of Bishops, the Asian-American pastors pleaded for better recognition, understanding, and support of their work by the whole church. They also asked for more effective organization and procedures to respond to changing needs of growing Asian-American communities.

The five bishops accepted in principle a set of strategies offered by the pastors. This included a Western Jurisdiction consultation of laymen, youth, seminarians, and pastors, and development of programs of evangelism, recruitment, training, continuing education, and special ministries.

RECONCILIATION GIFTS UP; OTHER GENERAL FUNDS LAG

The $20-million Fund for Reconciliation is the only United Methodist general benevolence or administrative fund running ahead of its year-earlier pace through the first quarter of 1970.

General Treasurer R. Bryan Brawner said the fund received $469,246 for national distribution in the first three months this year. This was 43 percent higher than the similar period's total last year.

This also means, Mr. Brawner explained, that the fund has raised about $6.5 million toward its four-year goal of $20 million.

The church's basic benevolence fund, World Service, is down 9.31 percent from 1969. The total received through March 31 was ju over $3 million; annual goal $25 million.

Other benevolence funds we lagging by percentages rangi from 4.40 to 35.66. The three a ministrative funds were from 18. to 35.72 percent behind year-a totals.

UNITED METHODISTS TOLD 'YOU NEED OTHERS'

United Methodists "need the re of the church whether you kno it or not."

Directed at a denomination lor deeply involved in the ecumenic movement, the words seemed u usually harsh. But the World Cou cil of Churches' blunt-spoken ge eral secretary, Dr. Eugene Carsc Blake, pressed on as he spoke r cently to the Board of Mission executive staff:

"There is only one kind of Chri tian who ought not be concerne with the ecumenical movemer and that is one who believes h church has the best understandir of the gospel and has nothing learn from other churches."

Dr. Blake said that while sor Christians and some denomin tions still take that position, the ranks are thinning.

It is an underlying assumptio of the ecumenical movement, D Blake added, that "we need eac

A modern-day Noah's ark sits high and dry in the Mountain View United Methodist Church in Boulder, Colo., but only after four months of rehearsal, costume and set designing, and fund-raising by church members. Based on 16th-century miracle play and set to music by 20th century composer Benjamin Britten, Noye's Fludde *was presented during Sunday worship services on the 12th anniversary of the church's founding.*

ther in order to rightly understand e gospel and to live it."

Dr. Blake noted considerable nited Methodist participation in e ecumenical movement, includ- g the fact that The United Meth- dist Church is the largest con- ibutor to the WCC budget.

The consultation between Board f Missions' staff and Dr. Blake as set up after a survey showed ost of the staff apparently was naware of WCC objectives and ctivities.

One of the WCC's more recent ctivities was sponsorship of a eek-long meeting in Nairobi, enya, of leaders of 39 church- nion movements now under way roughout the world. Included ere seven leaders from the Con- ultation on Church Union (COCU), which United Methodism is the rgest of nine participating de- ominations. No United Method- ts were in the Kenya delegation.

The leader of another COCU de- omination said recently that his roup remains reluctant to unite ith the other eight Protestant de- ominations in COCU.

Bishop Harrison J. Bryant of the frican Methodist Episcopal Church ME) said, "We feel that we may se too much by entering into nion now with the predominantly hite churches. We have some who el the rank-and-file members of hite churches still harbor some f the same attitudes they did in 787 [when the AME was founded s a protest against segregation].

"When we feel things have pro- ressed to where whites do not un when we move into their neigh- orhoods, we will then gladly nite."

Leaders of at least two COCU enominations asked their mem- ers to begin studying the plan ccepted by COCU leaders in March ee *'Batter Up' Time for COCU,* ay, page 19].

Dr. A. Dale Fiers, general min- ter and president of the Christian hurch (Disciples of Christ), asked cal leaders to spearhead inter- enominational study of the plan, nd the United Church of Christ's xecutive Council asked its de- omination's 2 million members to ke part in "careful study and re- ision" of the plan.

LOVICK PIERCE TO RETIRE AS MPH LEADER

The Board of Publication has accepted a request from Lovick Pierce that he be permitted to retire as president and publisher of The Methodist Publishing House no later than the end of October.

The board, in an early spring executive session, named a five-man committee to nominate a successor to Mr. Pierce. The full board also expressed appreciation to Mr. Pierce for serving beyond normal retirement age during the merger of former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren publishing interests begun in 1968.

Mr. Pierce began work in the publishing enterprise of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1921. He worked first in Richmond, Va., then managed the Dallas, Texas, area from 1929 until 1946, and was publishing agent until 1956 when he was named to the newly created position of president and publisher.

At the board's April 1 meeting Mr. Pierce reported on progress in sale of former Methodist and EUB printing plants in Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, and in Harrisburg, Pa. All are being sold, and all MPH publishing and printing will be centered in Nashville, Tenn.

A drug addict at 12, Ralph de Jesus has been using narcotics for about a year. "I used to see my friends doing it and didn't want to be left out," he tells a New York legislative inquiry into drug addiction. "I started sniffing heroin, then skin popping, and then mainlining." Now he is receiving treatment at a New York center, Odyssey House. Father Daniel Egan of New York, noted for his work with women addicts, blames television as a major cause for the increasing addiction rate among youth. "All they see on TV is that there is a drug for everyone," he said.

NEW 'MESSAGE' TOOL: TAPE CASSETTE

Latest device being tested by several United Methodist organizations to "get the message across" is the tape cassette.

The Christian Educator's Fellowship (CEF), an auxiliary of the Board of Education, has initiated a tape-cassette program providing news and resources geared to its members. More than 250 of its 700 members have subscribed.

At its national meeting this November in San Francisco, CEF will equip each participant with a cassette recorder. Each then will be expected to use his recorder as he utilizes the city as a "learning center."

Featuring a news format, the Southern California-Arizona Annual Conference began a tape-information program several months ago, releasing tapes as news and events develop rather than on any schedule.

The Texas United Methodist Communications Council experimented with tape by providing four 30-minute cassette reports from the 1970 General Conference to subscribers. Council Director Robert L. Robertson said the communications council hopes to continue the service with short-deadline, interpretive information.

The Upper Room also is using cassettes to provide two-minute devotions with Bible verse, prayer, meditation, and thought for the day.

The cassette has a "unique capability to talk to a busy man at a time when he can listen but can't read—while he is driving a car," comments Edwin H. Maynard, editorial director of the Division of Interpretation of the United Methodist Program Council. He said his division recently mailed the first experimental cassette to various church leaders with information on the church's benevolence program.

The head of the Program Council's Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communication (TRAFCO), Harry C. Spencer, said his staff has been working with cassettes since they first came on the market and is testing material to be used.

"The machines are compact and truly portable; cassette cartridges

are easily indexed and stored; the recording and playback quality is usually excellent; and the average person can afford them," he said.

Meanwhile, as these new ideas are being tested, an old-timer in the radio communications industry celebrated its 2000th time on the air. Broadcast live every Sunday from Central United Methodist Church, South Bend, Ind., *The Sunday School of the Air* is nearly 39 years old.

BASEBALL WILL HONOR UNITED METHODIST OHIOAN

One of baseball's new members-to-be in the Hall of Fame is a United Methodist.

Jesse Haines, who spent 18 years starting in 1920 as a pitcher with the St. Louis Cardinals, will be inducted into the legendary hall in Cooperstown, N.Y., July 27.

Mr. Haines and his wife of Phillipsburg, Ohio, have been active in their church since becoming members in the early 1920s. He has served in almost every capacity from janitor to General Conference delegate and member of the General Board of Publication.

"When I joined the church," he says smilingly, "it was the United Brethren; then it became Evangelical United Brethren, and now I've been elevated to the third degree —United Methodist."

Among his baseball achievements were a no-hitter in 1924 in which another Hall of Famer, the Boston Braves' unique Casey Stengel, made the final out; three seasons in which he won 20 or more games; and winning three of the four World Series games he pitched while the Cardinals won three of five series in his career.

The knuckleballer also was a key player during the Cardinals' "Gas House Gang" years of the early 1930s. He won 210 major league games and lost 158.

Mr. Haines was a coach with the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1938, then left organized baseball to be elected county auditor back in Ohio. He held that post 27 years until his retirement 5 years ago.

He remains in touch with baseball as a member of the Dayton Amateur Baseball Commission. The Jesse Haines League is one of the groups occupying summer hours of some 4,500 boys on 300 teams.

Others to be inducted with Mr. Haines in July are Ford Frick, former baseball commissioner; Earl Coombs; and Lou Boudreau.

PATHS REMAIN UNCERTAIN FOR SCHOOLS, RELIGION

Religion in public schools and public aid to private schools may not be exactly two sides of the same coin, but they are at least similar in their historical and current uncertain paths through the nation's courts and legislatures.

Released time—the practice of excusing pupils from schools for attendance at religious-education classes off public property—is one attempt at a solution.

One state recently affirming this method is Vermont. A bill approved there permits release of students in grades 7-12 during school hours upon parental request. The measure withstood last-minute attempts by opponents who would have allowed each school district the option of granting or denying released-time privileges.

Also in Vermont the state's education commissioner said he would support public instruction "about religions."

Dr. Harvey B. Scribner told the Vermont Religious Education Foundation (VREF) that education about religions is needed to prevent stereotyped images of other people and their beliefs. He said he would endorse such courses as part of high-school curricula.

Dr. Scribner spoke at the first annual meeting of VREF, a gathering of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews considered the first of its kind in the nation. With United Methodists on its 20-member board, the fou dation lists as one of its purpos serving as "a roving consultar on religious education througho the state.

In Netcong, N.J., the school boa voted unanimously to carry all t way to the U.S. Supreme Court, necessary, its appeal against a lower court injunction barri prayers in Netcong schools.

The board authorized its hi school in September to begin pray readings from the *Congressior Record*. A state Superior Cou judge issued an injunction agair that program in February, and t school board soon thereafter vote to halt legal proceedings due lack of funds.

Two weeks later, however, t board reversed that decision aft the In God We Trust Committe pledged to raise money for leg fees, estimated as high as $15,0 if the case goes to the natior highest court.

In North Carolina, represent tives of church-related and oth private colleges are planning request to the 1971 General Asser bly (legislature) for public assis ance.

The North Carolina Board Higher Education has recommende state aid to private colleges ar will report on its findings to th 1971 legislature. Also a speci General Assembly commission studying the question of stude assistance and will report to th legislature next year.

North Carolina state aid alread is being provided some privat institutions. The 1969 legislatur authorized subsidies to Unite Methodist-related Duke Universit and Bowman Gray (Baptist) schoo of medicine in the form of dire aid to the schools and assistanc to all North Carolina students er rolled in them.

The state's Board of Higher Edu cation has defended the duc system of private and public edu cation as being in the state's bes interest and has said that to th extent that private institutions edu cate citizens living in the state, th state is saved expense.

CENTURY CLUB

One of our new Century Club members, Harry Wilson, served as a Christian-education leader in his church for 70 years.

Mrs. Margaret Bailey, 100, Randallstown, Md.

Finley G. Bobbett, 100, Cazenovia, N.Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Budge, 100, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Mrs. Malinda Garman, 101, Whittier, Calif.

Mrs. H. A. Marshall, 100, Whiting, Ind.

Mrs. Albina Scroggs, 100, Colville, Wash.

Harry Wilson, 100, Seattle, Wash.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and its location.

HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES TOP $500 MILLION

The big business which is United Methodist-related health and welfare ministries measured two of its recent announcements in hundred-million-dollar terms.

The 338 agencies related to the denomination's Board of Health and Welfare Ministries spent $502,819,882 in operating funds during 1969, according to the board. This represented aid to 2,877,000 persons.

The agencies—83 hospitals, 169 homes and services, 66 services to children and youth, and 18 residences for working women—also gave more than $28 million in free services, the board added. Free hospital service alone was estimated at $16.8 million.

United Methodist-related hospitals are in 32 states, homes for the aging in 40 states, and children and youth homes in 30 states.

In addition to totaling figures for 1969 work, the general board announced creation of a 100-million-dollar loan fund to be used for program and facility expansion of United Methodist-related health and welfare institutions.

A large amount of the fund is expected to come from the agencies themselves through portions of their investment portfolios. The denominational loan fund would supplement private and governmental resources.

The board's executive committee recently heard a report from the task force established in 1968 between the board and the Commission on Religion and Race. The task force issued the following conclusions:

- More effort is needed to include racial-minority representation on annual-conference Boards of Health and Welfare Ministries.
- Denominational homes for the aged and children's agencies, with only a few exceptions, have served and are serving all-white clienteles while hospitals have records of serving all races.
- National church agencies need to find new ways to bridge gaps between personnel needs of health and welfare agencies and skills of minority-group persons already training or undergoing training in predominately black colleges.
- The task force will help any United Methodist health and welfare agency develop plans for achieving full racial integration and will try to serve as a catalyst to resolve any problems.

Sunday-School Class with Bells

There's something unusual about Jim Hess's church-school class and about the teacher himself, who often makes his Sunday appearance wearing bells (bell-bottom trousers, to Mom and Dad).

When he wanted to attract more high-school seniors to his class at Peachtree United Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga., he looked for an idea kids could relate to. What better choice, he decided, than a mod poster. So Jim, an advertising and public-relations consultant, had one designed, and he wrote the copy for it.

Designed to attract high-school students to a church-school class in Atlanta, Ga., this poster won recognition in a major New York art show and is being distributed around the country by a poster company. The text reads: "This man, born of middle-class parents, had long hair and a beard. He was a pacifist, a member of a minority group, a wanderer and considered a social dropout. He bathed infrequently, worked with his hands and was hated by the establishment, who eventually executed him. To learn more about this Man, attend Sunday school."

By mail and personal distribution, the poster has spread far beyond the church. He still brings 10 to class each Sunday and leaves empty-handed. More than 300 have been distributed. Receipts from sale of the poster through national distribution go to the church's youth ministry.

Sunday morning finds more than 35 pupils in his class, with many more on the roll. When some do not make the scene, Jim Hess finds the time during the week to give them a buzz and ask *how* they *are* —not where they were.

Every quarter he gives the class a situation ethics test; then he gives it to the parents. Thus the kids can compare their attitudes with their parents' on everyday situations. In addition, the questions provide starting points for many class discussions.

One advantage the consultant says he has is his self-employment. This gives him extra time to spend with the students during the week. In addition to his phone calls to absentees, he makes a special point to remember birthdays, has an occasional brunch at his home for everyone, and even takes interested students on trips such as to Preservation Hall in New Orleans.

His other-than-Sunday interest in class members extends to the nine high schools represented in his class. He often visits high-school cafeterias to talk with students about anything they want to talk about. He rates this an important part in his attempt to relate to high-school students.

United Methodists in the News

Dr. **James W. Sells**, an executive secretary of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference, Atlanta, Ga., is retiring July 31. He was a founder of the Protestant Radio-Television Center in Atlanta and originated the center's national radio series, *The Protestant Hour*.

Dr. **Thorwalk Kallstad**, president of United Methodist-related Union Scandinavian Theological Seminary, Gothenburg, Sweden, received the Order of the North Star from Swedish King Gustav VI Adolf. He is a member of the Swedish Parliament.

Bishop **Friedrich Wunderlich**, Frankfurt, Germany, will administer the Northern Europe Area until a successor to the late Bishop Odd Hagen is chosen at the Northern Europe Central Conference meeting this fall.

Happy James Lawrence, candidate for the master of divinity degree at Duke University Divinity School, Durham, N.C., is the recipient of the Ralph Stoody Fellowship in Journalism given by United Methodist Information. He will be doing graduate work in journalism this fall at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

Church Organization:

STRUCTURE or STRICTURE?

HOW CAN the energies of 10.1/2 million United Methodists be released in the service of God and man in today's world? How can such a church really discover and effectively engage in its witness? Is the church's organization a structure for mission—or a stricture to mission?

A basic factor—too often overlooked or taken for granted—is the necessity that members of the church be committed to Christ in such a way that they are open to respond to God's call. You simply cannot expect Christian action apart from Christian discipleship. To require otherwise is to degenerate into a legalism which is ultimately self-defeating. Thus the renewal of the church is primary.

Beyond this is the urgent necessity for the church to reform its structure. There are currently two extremes in attitudes toward church structure. The first point of view resists any continuing structural organization and tends to work only in ad hoc arrangements. The opposite point of view is slavishly preoccupied with changes in organization, as though all truth, beauty, and justice could come about by the perfecting of procedures. Neither extreme is valid.

There is an apocryphal story about a business executive who installed a magnificent and expensive new computer in his company. Some months later a friend asked the executive how the new computer was working. "Marvelous! Beyond our wildest dreams," he said. "We provide the computer with data and it gives us all the information we could ever hope to have about our potential market." "And how is your business?" the friend asked. The executive hesitated. "Well, in order to find time to design programs and provide data for the computer, we had to give up the business!"

An absurd story? Perhaps, but churchmen often feel themselves caught in a similar bind. They protest that they spend so much time, money, and energy in devising the "perfect" scheme of organization, they attend so many meetings, they must listen to so many people, that they never get around to working the plans, to expressing the witness, and to confronting real issues in terms of actual persons and vital human needs. Frustrated, they feel that all they are doing is simply to design programs and to provide data to feed an omnivorous computerlike church structure which is all efficiency but no soul!

Perhaps one ought to reconcile himself to the inevitability of restructuring—and assuredly its occasional desirability—by promoting certain principles for structure-builders which would help to free the church to engage in more creative mission. If structure can indeed be a viable avenue for church renewal, then the following principles deserve consideration as the church—locally, regionally, or nationally—considers how to mobilize its resources and to organize its life for mission:

1. *The principle of wholeness.* This requires unification of program rather than fragmentation, co-operation not competition, co-ordination not duplication.

2. *The principle of subsidiarity.* As Albert Outler defines it, this means that programs should develop "from below outward and upward." Thus "higher authority" exists for the sake of local and regional endeavors—to co-ordinate and implement but not to dominate.

3. *The principle of simplicity.* This calls for scrutiny of every program and organization in order to determine how essential it is to the church's total ministry. Recognizing our suffocating propensity to overorganize, we need rigorously to examine where expendable and elaborate embellishments can be eliminated.

4. *The principle of collegiality.* Collegiality means shared leadership and participation by every churchman, clerical and lay, in appropriate decision-making processes. This also implies certain restraint in the use of power by executive and episcopal leaders, as well as by the informal power groups characteristic of our day.

5. *The principle of flexibility.* This involves openness to meaningful change, avidly shunning those rigid, protective attitudes towards church structures that permit them to develop into entrenched irrelevancies. Our structures must not become strictures.

6. *The principle of ecumenicity.* Here is a sense of participation, not in the uniting of churches but in the uniting of mankind in the body of Christ. Doing denominationally what can be done more tellingly together is not only poor stewardship; more fundamentally it is a violation of our oneness under Christ's Lordship.

7. *The principle of corporateness.* Christians in the early church found spiritual strength as together they faced a pagan world. In our own complex society, many issues can only be confronted effectively and resolved through corporate concern and action.

The future of the church depends not so much on how we may tinker with ecclesiastical machinery as it does upon the depth of our Christian commitment, the extent of our concern for reform, and our openness to the winds of God's Spirit which are pressing us to abandon our defensiveness and to move with hope toward new and richer ministries in our world. —*Your Editors*

Saturday, 10 a.m.: Rock music from a church-lawn sit-in startles people in the shopping center across the street.

'Something Else...'

SATURDAY MORNINGS are usually pretty quiet at 4488 Poplar Avenue in Memphis, Tenn. There is a certain amount of getting-ready-for-Sunday activity, to be sure, but the real hustle-bustle is at the shopping center across the street.

One sunny Saturday last June things were reversed. The Poplar Avenue address belongs to Christ United Methodist Church, and on that particular morning a couple hundred young people, junior-highs to college age, were making so much commotion on the church's front lawn that the shopping center seemed almost quiet by comparison. Some of the young people were picketing. "God's way is the only way," one placard read. Others carried through the crowd a mop-headed scarecrow wearing sneakers.

When the amplified sounds of the Tribesmen, a local rock group, reached the shopping center, some grocery-toting parents cast nervous glances in the church's direction. Those who investigated learned that the young people were announcing Christ Church's annual youth week which, in the 1969 teen idiom, they were calling

The scarecrow that wore tennis shoes, here making its sit-in appearance, is the continuing symbol of Christ Church's contemporary youth week.

The coffee shop (left): Russian tea, coffee, or Coke? There were serious moments, too. At right, an engineer explains his field of work during a vocational-interest session.

Something Else. All Memphis youth were invited.

The next evening 1,400 young people jammed the church sanctuary to hear a former University of Kentucky basketball star, the Rev. Ed Beck of Denver, Colo., speak at a contemporary worship service. The young people must have liked it because the nightly attendance averaged almost 900.

Next came 45-minute reaction groups in which young people had a choice of discussing the worship service, exploring role-playing, seeing contemporary short films, or studying such contemporary religious paperbacks as Robert L. Short's *The Parables of Peanuts* (Harper & Row, $1.95) or *God Is for Real, Man*, by Carl F. Burke (Association Press, $1.75, paper).

From 9:30 until midnight the name of the game was entertainment. A nearby house which serves as church-school annex was transformed into a coffeehouse complete with jukebox, live music, Russian tea, and coffee.

The church fellowship hall, designed to seat 600, became a discotheque with the usual light shows, live, loud bands, and standing-room-only space.

Outdoors on the church grounds a teen-age construction crew had built and lighted a makeshift stage. Rented bleachers from the city's recreation department were added, and the open-air theater was open for business with the drama *Dangerfield Newby Moves Uptown*.

A similar schedule—worship service led by Mr. Beck; reaction groups; then the coffeehouse, discotheque, and open-air theater—was followed each evening throughout the week, with two exceptions. Wednesday evening's reaction groups were replaced by vocational interest groups—sessions led by business and professional people representing agriculture, art, medicine, law enforcement, and 18 other fields, who briefly explained their own jobs, then answered the young people's questions. And on Friday night, *Something Else*'s last night, the entertainment was cut off promptly at 11 and the youth were invited to end the week's experience with a contemporary Communion service, which for many was the most meaningful event of the week.

Christ Church's week of experimental evangelism dates back to a day in August, 1967, when one of the ministers was discussing the sad plight of their traditional youth week with some adult members. The program had been carefully planned that year, but the overwhelming youth response had been "blah."

The next year would be different, the adults vowed. But how? They decided to ask the church youth council for help. "Before that meeting was over," an adult recalls, "we had decided to do something involving more than just our church youth. At the next meeting one young lady suggested we call it *Something Ridiculous* because that's what it sounded like to her."

The open-air theater's musical groups and drama (above it is Are You Able*) competed every night with the discotheque's posters, light shows, live bands—and standing room only (below).*

Her suggestion was accepted. In June, 1968, *Something Ridiculous* drew youth from 52 Memphis churches representing 10 denominations. And the program was so well received that the planners followed almost the same setup for *Something Else* the following year when the week's total estimated attendance was 6,000.

Even before *Something Else* was over, committees from more than 20 churches were evaluating the program and making plans for 1970. One nonchurch-oriented young person had told them, "Just think! We really can have a good time at church!" But one young planner felt, "We weren't able to provide the atmosphere we had intended in the discotheque."

Another observed, "The nonchurched *did* come—and we were not prepared to witness as we had hoped to."

"I take my hat off to the people of all ages who were willing to risk attempting something a little bit different on a large scale," Ed Beck reflected about *Something Else*. "Each year they have tried to correct mistakes and to stay up with the current trends of the youth market. There were things that could be criticized and the planning committee was the first to recognize it. All in all, *Something Else* was a positive effort."

A few weeks from now Christ Church will launch its third ecumenical, contemporary youth week. Some of the program may look like a rerun of *Something Else*. But then again the whole format has been changed—which might be why they are calling this one *Something Different*.

—*Martha A. Lane*

Seattle's Ecumenical Campus Ministry . . .

Passing the Test or Flunking Out?

By IVAN and CAROL M. DOIG

"THE UNIVERSITY of a Thousand Years," a grillwork sentence once proclaimed above the door of the administration building at the University of Washington in Seattle.

"This is the university of a thousand holes," mocks a scrawl chalked on a fence surrounding an enormous excavation, just yards from the same building.

Campus life at the University of Washington is lived today somewhere in between those sentiments—between illusion and disillusionment, between confidence in the future and dismay about the present. A new ecumenical campus ministry is trying to live there, too, under the leadership of Dr. George I. Jordan, a United Methodist, and ministers representing eight other denominations.

Dr. Jordan, now in his fourth year at the University of Washington, has been a campus minister for 20 years. But in a way, his ministry began anew this year when he and his fellow campus ministers breathed life into the Campus Christian Ministry, a united effort to serve their university community in ways which set aside tradition.

"If we want to make an impact on the university community today, we must work ecumenically," George Jordan says bluntly. "So many of the students as they talk with me identify the church with what goes on on Sunday morning, and they say, 'It leaves me cold.' " The

Months ago bulldozers gouged out a huge pit in the middle of the Seattle campus. Eventually it will become an underground parking lot. Meanwhile the protective fence around the chasm (above and at left) has become the "pulpit" of philosophical student artists.

Campus Christian Ministry's life is being gambled on the belief that Christianity can mean something to today's students besides a hall where their elders congregate on Sunday mornings.

Wesley House Torn Down

Wesley House, since the early 1920s a Methodist student center across the street from the Washington campus, was torn down in the autumn of 1968 and the site now is a parking lot. Dr. Jordan's office is at Koinonia Center, headquarters of the Campus Christian Ministry.

Wesley House and all it represented, Dr. Jordan feels, served well in the past but would hinder the work which needs to be done on today's campus. He contends that students now are put off by denominational centers which to them represent the Sunday-school-Sunday-morning-in-church variety of Christianity. The traditional campus ministry mostly offered a source of religious fellowship. Few students seem to be seeking such a source today, at least in the form of a Wesley House.

When Dr. Jordan first came to the university students asked him to have a fellowship session each Sunday evening. "I said, 'Sure,'" he recalls. "We tried it for two quarters, and I suppose the average attendance was about three. And not a student who asked for it came once."

Malcolm Boyd, the Episcopal priest who is the most well-known dropout from the ranks of campus ministers dutifully manning denominational centers, once put it this way: "The college chaplain scene was pretty bad. Dollhouse denominational centers (mine being one of these) were scattered about the campus, resembling cute ecclesiastical additions to a Monopoly set."

Working now in a team which erases denominational lines to get at problems in the larger university community, George Jordan shakes his head about the efforts he made the traditional way.

"It's very difficult for me now to think in terms of students who are basically enthusiastic about the established church." They are so very few, he says, and "those who are, are predominantly looking to the past."

On its hill northeast of downtown Seattle, with views across Lake Washington to the Cascade Mountains, the University of Washington looks like a well-ordered city in a forested setting. It is largely self-governing, remarkably self-contained, and in its better moments pursues ideals which Western man has prized ever since they were uttered by the wise men of ancient Greece. Also, it has problems which would perplex even those wise men.

Last fall the University of Washington enrolled 32,749 students—all on one campus—twice as many as 10 years ago. Others were turned away—no room. The university actually is a medium-sized city—the 10th largest community in the state. It has its own police, traffic jams, theaters, arboretum, barbers, newsstands, oceanography fleet, railroad, newspaper, magazines, racial tensions, charities, printing presses, computers, investments, stadium, mountain retreats, hospital, television station, department store, restaurants, first marshal, gardeners, ombudsman, and nuclear reactor.

And, in recent years the university has had at least its share of campus crises. A short block from the university, Seattle police and crowds of young "street people" fought it out for several nights last summer. Protests against the Reserve Officer Training Corps and U.S. policy in Viet Nam have flared sporadically on campus. Coincidentally or otherwise, an ROTC building was damaged by fire. This spring students held mass demonstrations and disrupted classes to protest the university administration's decision not to sever athletic ties with Brigham Young University. BYU is a Mormon Church institution, and the students were angered because Mormons do not allow blacks in the church hierarchy.

Add to these headline incidents the everyday problems. The university is huge and, say many students, impersonal as a supermarket. The thousands of commuting students face daily traffic gauntlets. For most young faculty members, "publish or perish" is the unwritten code governing promotions and the amount of energy they can spend in classroom teaching.

Add to this, finally, religion's plight on such a campus. There is a joke about a minister arriving for his new university assignment. Pausing at the ivy-laced portals of the great school, he turns and looks up.

"Good-by, God," he murmurs. "I'm going to college."

Student Views on Religion

Steve Johns, a good-looking senior with a thriving dark moustache, sampled religion on campus the way many Washington students apparently have. A friend persuaded him to go to a student religious center. He felt it was not what he was seeking.

"They tried to put everything into religious form, which I just don't think you can," he says. "The people there seemed to me to have the smallest minds of anybody. They're using religion as an escape."

Lorrie Willenbrock, a slim brunette majoring in home economics, had a similar experience with a denominational center, she says. "I found it unrealistic . . . It just seemed so far away from what was going on. I think if it were more casual, not so religiously oriented, a lot of kids would go."

Dale W. Johnson, on the other hand, attends church regularly and says a student religious center "probably would interest me if I lived on campus." But he is one of the thousands of commuting students. His car pool leaves for campus at 7:15 each morning and arrives home around 6:30 each evening; he finds no space in such days for religious participation on campus.

Talk to these students, and others, about religion on campus and you come away with the definite impression that the campus ministry, in whatever form, is on trial in the minds of most of them. These college people see needs in the world—and in their own lives. But they display no automatic assumption that a campus ministry meets those needs. If the ministry can prove that it does, they are with it; if not, the students are ready to look elsewhere. In the face of all this, does it make sense any more for the church to "go to college"?

The men in the University of Washington ecumenical ministry think it does, but only if campus ministers shed the past. George Jordan and the others make plain the choices, as they see them: try experiments, such as their combined ministry with its sharing of areas of concern and joint governing board, or else just scrap the campus ministry.

The Campus Christian Ministry, recognizing that its university actually is a city, attempts to apply techniques which have been used in the American inner city.

"Let's go onto campus with this experience," Dr. Jordan sums it up, and the Campus Christian Ministry is trying.

Nine Denominations

The team ministry represents nine denominations: American Baptist, American Lutheran Church, Lutheran Church in America, Disciples of Christ, Episcopal, United Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, United Church of Christ, and United Methodist. A governing board has been set up with three members from each denominational body. Under the articles of incorporation, one representative from each faith must be a student.

The Rev. Thomas McCormick, Disciples campus minister, was elected co-ordinator. He will serve for a year as the chief administrator for the group of campus ministers, presiding over staff meetings and acting as liaison with the board and the clerical staff.

Under present plans, all the funds which supported the separate denominational ministries will be pooled into one budget by July. The United Methodist share will be about $23,000. Put simply, the Campus Christian Ministry combines several religious efforts—most of them operating from Koinonia Center, which has offices for several ministers and a big lounge wide open to student use—and allows each minister to focus his work.

Each campus minister works within a special area of concern rather than along the old denominational lines. One is assigned, for instance, to the university's residence halls, where he helps dormitory advisers cope with their jobs. "Race relations, sex mores, life-style—it's all part of their concern," Mr. McCormick points out. He himself works within the university's immense health sciences complex. So far, questions of ethics and philosophy have dominated his work there. He leads a discussion group for medical students, and the towering questions crowd in: When is a person dead? How can we come to grips with the abortion issue? How much concern should we as doctors-to-be have with the *quality* of life?

He also talks with medical researchers, and the questions are no smaller. What, for instance, are the implications of scientific creation of living cells? Is the test tube to be humanity's boon or bane? In these endless pale rooms where tomorrow's medical science awaits, Thomas McCormick is, in a way, chaplain to men on a voyage no other men have sailed.

United Methodist George Jordan describes his campus ministry job as being "out in a no-man's-land." Wesley House-type denominational ministries have been replaced by an ecumenical team of pastors on the Seattle campus. Even they may fail to meet the students' real needs.

Another minister, David Royer, is deeply involved in community-action projects in the university district, the commercial area along the western edge of the campus where police and young people clashed last summer. He is on the board of directors of a new center in the district, a center meant to engage whatever problems are worst at the moment. Just now, the center concentrates on feeding people, finding them jobs, or, if they need it, steering them to treatment of drugs. Part of the center's task is to try to calm the relationships between the area's merchants and its young street people.

Another minister specializes in working with small

groups on the campus, still another in projects which involve faculty members.

George Jordan's primary role is contact with foreign students and graduate students. A trim man a bit under average height, natty in a plaid sports coat, he is a far cry from the circuit-riding preachers earlier in this country's history. But like them, he works in new areas without the trappings of church and bell tower looming over him.

"We're going to have to return to a ministry of the laity," he says firmly. Glimpses into Dr. Jordan's work show what is involved in this new brand of ministry.

A Day of Variables

A day may begin, as a lot of days have in the past few years, with a young man seeking counsel about filing with his draft board as a conscientious objector. Dr. Jordan, the father of three sons, intensely feels the college generation's questions about military service. He does not try to persuade a student one way or another. He does go over the options a draft-age youth has, and explains what is involved in a claim of conscientious objection.

George Jordan is deeply concerned about the American position in Viet Nam and about what he regards as the necessity for peaceful protest. There was a day late last fall when he headed into freeway traffic for a downtown meeting of Moratorium Days leaders with Seattle's outgoing mayor, Floyd Miller. With two lay leaders and another churchman, they outlined for the mayor the moratorium observances scheduled in the Seattle area and urged him to make a public statement in support of the right to demonstrate concern in such ways.

Afterward, they felt the half hour with the mayor had gone well. Mayor Miller said he would consider what statement he could make. He had seemed impressed with their position, although he had told them at once that he supported President Nixon on Viet Nam.

"He also told us," George Jordan recalls, "that he lost his only son in Korea, after the cease-fire."

Dr. Jordan often moderates at one or another of the countless meetings and speeches that occur on a campus. He was asked to be the moderator, for instance, when Dr. Ralph Moellering, a Lutheran who had worked in the campus ministry at the University of California at Berkeley, came to present the Christian role in a "Christian-Marxist dialogue." Michael Lerner, an assistant professor of philosophy on the Seattle campus, would present Marxism.

Mr. Lerner looks very young and has hair down to his shoulders. Dr. Moellering is big and graying, with modest sideburns. About 75 students show up, a good turnout; by this time of day—a little after three—many commuting students head home to avoid the worst of the traffic. Dr. Jordan introduces the speakers and sits down between them to listen.

The dialogue proves a lofty philosophical duel. Dr. Moellering is arguing that Christianity and Marxism can work together for the benefit of mankind. Mr. Lerner contends that Christianity lacks the methods to carry out such ideals.

". . . eschatological . . ." one of them says.

". . . dialectical . . ." says the other.

"When we first walked in here, we didn't know which was the Christian and which one the Marxist," student Vi Hallett remarks afterward.

But some students will still prefer discussion of the Bible to a Christian-Marxist dialogue, and Dr. Jordan complies there, too. A typical session takes place in George Jordan's office an hour or so before the Tuesday-night dinner at Koinonia Center.

"How can we apply the Old Testament?" asks Claire Rodenberg, a brunette freshman. She thinks for a moment. "It's more than just a family history, isn't it?"

The minister and the students sit with traffic noises pouring in an open window and consider biblical references to the four corners of the earth and the dome of heaven.

Somewhere in No-man's-land

Such activities show plainly that George Jordan's role is different, very different, from the era of Wesley House at the University of Washington. The reason, of course, is that today's students seem to be different, and not only in terms of their long hair and relentless music.

"Christian teaching has taught them the dignity of all men, that war is unchristian," the minister says. "They have really bought this position—bought it as a whole person, and they have to live it out."

And a campus minister? Can George Jordan say, in echo of other transitions in other times, "The campus ministry is dead, long live the campus ministry"?

Not yet. He is certain only that the old way was not working, and that the new must be tried. How well the new way can work probably will depend on the strength of the leadership evolving in the Campus Christian Ministry. Meanwhile, Dr. Jordan says, "My biggest problem is the uncertainty—that I am out in no-man's-land."

The University of Washington lacks the intellectual fizz of the University of California at Berkeley. It does not have the deep ghetto problems which surround Columbia University in New York City. But by the simple fact of being a community, big and striving and conscientious, the University of Washington inherits the problems troubling American communities today.

The students, inevitably, live it all out, and that is why there are such men as George Jordan on campus. Few young people a person talks to at this university are rebels. They are not street fighters or Establishment centurions. They are just students, in this society, now. Some march in the night to support the moratorium movement, holding their candles firmly against the darkness. Others work at campus politics and their grades for law school, and tomorrow will be congressmen and senators in the Establishment. Many simply come to campus, attend class, and go home, the governing pattern of commuting already grooved into their lives.

If there can be a summary of such a diverse university community, perhaps it is only the feeling that these students are unsettled about this world they never made.

"Their real patriotism," says George Jordan, "is to what the nation *should be*." □

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller

Fletcher Place: A Fountain of HOPE

The pioneer-family statue adorning this fountain has experienced as many ups and downs as its namesake community. Once declared a traffic hazard and deported to a city park, it was restored here by USCO-inspired popular demand.

THIS IS THE STORY of a church and a fountain, and how they helped change a neighborhood on the south side of Indianapolis, Indiana.

The church part of the tale dates back to November 17, 1849, the day a mission Sunday school became an organized congregation. The new church began in a railroad depot on South Street, but by 1852 the congregation had built its own house of worship.

Twenty years later it moved to larger quarters and became known as Fletcher Place Methodist Church. The church has not moved from its neighborhood since.

Not many blocks southwest of Fletcher Place—when the church was 40 years old—a fountain was placed on the site of an old mule-car turnaround, and the business district there became known as Fountain Square. Something (no one knows quite what) happened to the fountain's first statue so in 1924 a new one, depicting a pioneer family, was set up in the square.

When Fletcher Place Church was young, it stood in a beautiful residential area. But by its 100th birthday, its surroundings had become another "underprivileged area," hemmed in by railroad tracks and noisy factories. Shaping its ministry to the changes, the church had opened a settlement house.

For years, the Fountain Square community thrived likewise. But in the 1950s, folks began moving to the suburbs and buying in fancier shopping centers. As business declined, crime soared in Fountain Square (as well as in Fletcher Place, Irish Hill, and all the other nearby communities). And things got worse.

The Fountain's Demise

In 1954, Fountain Square's fountain—the last visible reminder of the happy place it once had been—was declared a traffic hazard and carted away to Garfield Park, a little farther south, by transportation authorities. Then came the announcement that an interstate highway was to be built through the area. In a few decades, pride and prosperity had turned to despair and decay. The remaining residents were ready to give up, to admit that they had somehow become ghetto residents. To them, the trend seemed irreversible.

But something good happened in 1965 to Indianapolis's forgotten south-siders. The Rev. L. Ray Sells became pastor of Fletcher Place Methodist Church, with its struggling, two-dozen-member congregation, and director of its much larger community center, whose staff alone almost outnumbered the church membership.

"The center had been operating for almost 50 years," Mr. Sells relates. "It began with deaconesses serving the

This vacant lot (left), seen through the broken window of a condemned house, soon will become part of an interstate highway. Neighborhood people have accepted the idea grudgingly, and most plan to stay in the vicinity. At right, Pastor Ray Sells chats with one of his church members.

migrant population, which at that time was Italian and Irish. They started a day-care center and other settlement-house type family services.

"We are still the only community center on the southeast side of Indianapolis, but now we are serving more as an enabler and as a community resource agency than as a program agency. The center has always been nondenominational," the minister explains.

"Our church is very small now," he adds, "but the 20-25 members of the congregation see themselves as servants to the community. They work in the thrift shop, in planning activities, on the playground, in the community health center—everywhere, really. They make their presence felt much more than you would guess they could."

Fletcher Place Church women set up a thrift shop two days a week in the back of their sanctuary. For years used clothing was given away, but now people must pay for it. "They don't like to be given things," the minister observes. "They would much rather buy them, even if they only have a nickel or a dime." They can buy as much as they want at the church's shop.

Well-baby clinics meet on Tuesdays at the church, and

In 1968 Irish Hill people won their battle to turn this space into a playground—tangible proof that community effort pays off.

on Thursdays prenatal sessions are held. For three years a dental clinic has been very successful there.

The church tried to provide employment services, too, but members found they could not do it on their own. "We finally worked out an arrangement with the state employment office. We provide office space in our building, and they run the employment center," Mr. Sells explains.

If this were all the little church did for the community, it would be significant, but the congregation sponsors much more—from a senior-citizens program to their own preschool, to providing housing for a social worker and a neighborhood aide. They had a major part in setting up the South East Health Center, an independent agency aiding 150 people a week. "The center shows what low-income people can achieve—20 professional organizers couldn't have accomplished this much," Ray Sells says.

USCO: The Peoples' Choice

Fletcher Place Church people are enthusiastic about these programs, but they would rather see them run by community-wide organizations than by themselves. They know that teamwork and the pooling of resources—talents, ideas, and money—offer the greatest potential for improving the quality of south-side neighborhoods. That is why it is hard to distinguish church activities and staff from community-center activities and staff these days. It is also why Fletcher Place community people are becoming more and more involved in USCO, the new United South-side Community Organization, which has received such enthusiastic grass-roots support that 2,000 neighborhood people showed up at its organizational meeting. The umbrella alliance already reaches in some way almost half of the 44,000 residents in an eight-square-mile area. Nearly every neighborhood group has made working through USCO a priority. The Fletcher Place community center, for example, has freed several staff members for full or part-time work for USCO.

One of the most imaginative and forward-looking programs initiated by Fletcher Place is what they call the academy, a sort of junior "street university." The academy concentrates on influencing two groups of youngsters—6 to 8-year-olds (known as the Imps), and 9 to 11-year-olds (the Fletcher Fiends). They meet throughout the summer, under the direction of the Rev. Sandra Hoke, a United

Two members of the Fletcher Fie "gang" of 9 to 11-year-olds, take notes d a study of their neighborhood's prob (above right). The newest neighborhood c a project originated by United Metho was set up in an old bank (below r

FLETCHER
FIENDS

Methodist minister who divides her time between Fletcher Place Church and USCO. The academy curriculum includes social education, trips of community interest, and leadership training. Achievements are rewarded with badges, community recognition, and easily identifiable membership jackets, the ultimate award.

"Our children suffer from poor housing, poor schools, and a poor community," Ray Sells says, explaining the academy's purpose. "Perhaps they can't do a great deal about it now, but if we can teach them to be aware of such problems and how to tackle them, by the time they are teen-agers they'll know how to mobilize resources to get things done in a community. Before the academy, our teens' only real organization was for petty thievery and other delinquent activities—which made them outcasts in the community. When these academy-trained children become teens, they will have other possibilities for action open to them," Mr. Sells believes.

Explaining the program in more detail, Miss Hoke says, "We first train the children to recognize community problems, then to think creatively in terms of solutions to the problems, so that when they reach adulthood they won't feel trapped by the environment. Even now we make them feel a part of things. Both the Imps and Fiends helped plan our new medical center, for example."

One method of teaching is what Miss Hoke calls a "mini-plunge." Children as young as 10 have been taken to visit small towns away from the city. "The idea is to let the youngsters see how a town of 100 people is run, so they would have a better idea of how their own community operates." Some Fiends, for example, spent most of one day interviewing townspeople, asking about transportation, the economic condition, or whatever else they wanted to know. They then got together to compare notes and communities. "They got a remarkably good grasp of things," Miss Hoke feels.

Ray Sells says the work and effort invested in the academy has been well rewarded: "Suddenly it has become the thing to be involved, to be able to read, and to be interested in school. Membership in the Imps and the Fiends has become a very positive status position."

A Happy Postscript

On June 13, 1969, after considerable USCO-inspired neighborhood insistence, the pioneer-family statue was recovered from the city park and restored to its rightful place in Fountain Square, amid dancing in the streets, speeches, and much gala. Now it stands as a concrete symbol of hope, determination, and renewal for all to see.

A few blocks from the square, Fletcher Place United Methodists continue to work at the health center, in the thrift shop, on the playground, or maybe with some neighborhood youngsters at the zoo. They, too, have become a "fountain of hope" for their community. With both fountains going for them, the south-siders' chances for survival seem very much on the rise. □

Sally English (above), summer work camper from Greensboro, N.C., helped in neighborhood recreation programs in 1969. Other youngsters (below) were treated to camp experiences away from the city.

On Visiting the Elderly

NORMA breezed in on Christmas Eve.

"Oh, I thought I'd find your mother here," she exclaimed. "I wanted to wish her a Merry Christmas!"

"Mother couldn't make it this year," I said. These explanations are hard the first Christmas when a family is not complete. "She's not well enough to leave the nursing home. When I go tomorrow, I'll give her your greeting."

Norma's eyes brimmed with quick sympathy. "I'll give her my greeting myself! You know I've always loved your mother. You tell her I'll be there Friday for sure! What are the visiting hours?"

I told Mother to expect Norma on Friday, and she was delighted. She enjoyed visitors, and few people besides the immediate family hunted her up in the nursing home.

"Did you enjoy seeing Norma?" I asked her on Saturday.

"She didn't come." Mother's tone was a bit dry.

"She didn't? Why, she was so definite about it!"

"Well, she didn't. I didn't take my nap, and I was afraid to leave my room. I put on my new Christmas dress and sat and waited all day."

"What a shame! Surely she'll come some day soon."

"People have so much to do. They forget."

Mother's philosophical tone was in tune with her 87 years, but her mouth drooped like that of a child who has not had a good time at a party.

People forget. They do, indeed. It is months later, and Norma's Christmas call has never been made. Neither have other calls—from other people who have assured us they were going . . . next week. By now I have learned not to tell Mother ahead of time.

Because of that experience and others, I am bold enough to suggest these 12 commandments for calling on the elderly and shut-in people:

1. *Do not break a promise—ever!* When people have little to look forward to, that little looms large. Promise without performance is cruel.

2. *Do not bring sweets or other foods unless you have checked with the family or the nurse to see what is allowed.* If sweets are acceptable, a small box, preferably metal, filled with candy which needs no refrigeration is more welcome than a five-pound box of chocolates which will grow stale in a bureau drawer. Your friend probably has no accessible refrigeration, no eating implements except at mealtimes, and no way to dispose of peelings or other food wastes. Fruit can give a room an unpleasant odor if it is not eaten at once. One well-meaning friend gave Mother a jar of honey to "brighten up" her breakfasts. The thought was good, but the windowsill was the only place to keep it. The jar got very sticky and attracted every insect that creeps, flies, or crawls. Another more thoughtful visitor inquired what Mother missed most in the institutional diet. And the next time she came she brought, of all things, a nice fresh doughnut. It was easily provided, greatly enjoyed, and left no residue to be thrown away.

3. *Do not call too early in the morning, even if the rules permit it.* It takes time for the nurses to prepare elderly people or shut-ins, and their rooms, for the day.

4. *Do not call too soon after lunch, either.* Most old people and invalids take a short rest after the midday meal.

5. *Do not call in a large group.* Failing hearing, eyesight, and concentration make group talk very tiring.

6. *Do not call too late in the evening.* Supper in hospitals, nursing homes, and other institutions is served very early, and bedtime may be 8 p.m., or even earlier.

7. *Do go with some gentle gossip and local news.* International affairs and civic problems do not interest shut-ins as much as the news that the Blanks are trying to sell their house, that Mrs. A and Mrs. B made up their quarrel and are speaking again, that the lilac bush your elderly friend once gave you finally has made up its mind to bloom.

8. *Do bring something with you, if only a trifle—indeed, preferably a trifle.* Some light reading is good, if your patient is a reader. Large print, please. Remember, however, someone who in his prime could have enjoyed *War and Peace* may prefer a good detective story or light novel now. Take the trouble to explore your friend's present tastes.

9. *Do, if you bring flowers, choose a small flowering plant or a small bouquet that is already arranged.* Oh, the trouble Mother had with five gigantic red poinsettias the same Christmas her roommate also received five similar plants! And how thrilled she was, a month after Christmas, with a three-inch pot containing some tiny flowers just about to bloom.

10. *Do go prepared to listen to complaints.* Take them with a pinch of salt, but listen patiently. It may be the only chance your friend has had for a week to get something off her chest to a sympathetic outsider.

11. *Do reminisce, if you can do it cheerfully and naturally.* Old people like to hear: "Do you remember when—?"

12. *Do ask advice or help about some problem.* It boosts an elderly person's ego. "Maybe you can settle the discussion we had at church. Was the bell bought for the old building or the new one?" "Are boys really harder to raise than girls?" "What did you do about teasing?"

Follow these 12 commandments, and you will be a greatly loved visitor. There is no worldly reward attached, of course, but remember that someone once said: "Come, O blessed of my Father . . . for . . . I was sick, and you visited me." —*Frances Fowler Allen*

Mindy on My Mind

She was a husky-voiced, diminutive ball of fire whose misguided energy bounced her from one fiasco to another. All efforts by the camp counselor to establish rapport with her were shrugged off. Would she return to camp again this summer? Would she be the same?

By DOROTHY S. MAIN

YOU'D THINK I was divulging the location of the fountain of youth when I rave about the rewards of being a counselor at youth camp. "It's great! You ought to go!" I urge. My skeptical hearers usually raise eyebrows and tap their heads suggestively. Well, that is their tough luck. It remains a mystery to me why there isn't a waiting line halfway across the U.S. for this opportunity.

I come home from a week at camp tanned and exuberant, questioning and expectant, challenged and stretched, excited and . . . exhausted! I wouldn't miss going for the world—usually. So I guess everyone was surprised last year when I said no.

Of course I had some good excuses: "It's not fair for me to have all the luck. Others ought to have a chance to go." Goodness knows I did feel guilty. This would be my fifth year.

Our camp recruiter overrode that protest by assuring me that enthusiastic counselors who return year after year give the camp greater stability. "Besides, they asked for you." Ordinarily that would have settled the matter, but I found another excuse.

"It's awfully complicated for me to make arrangements. We have to take the young ones to Arkansas to Grandma's house. And John always has to batch that week."

The recruiter, a minister-friend, looked at me in puzzled exasperation. "Do you *really* not want to go this year?"

Finally I confronted the truth. Of course I wanted to go. I would always want to go. But the memory of one little freshman girl was holding me back. Mindy. I felt I had failed her. Stronger than my desire to go back to camp again was my hope that someone else might be able to reach and help her.

Memories of Mindy had haunted me all year. She had been assigned to my small group. I could see her now —a husky-voiced, diminutive ball of fire. Her misguided energy had bounced her from one fiasco to another. Some inner compulsion drove her to seek the center of attention all the time, and her ways of gaining the spotlight were annoying and troublesome. She would ask disturbing questions and then not bother to listen to an answer. She continually disrupted communication with others in the group, and made flippant remarks when we probed serious subjects.

She seemed to crave recognition and love, even as she thwarted our efforts to give them to her. Apparently she was incapable of letting a relationship develop—or was she afraid? I guessed her flippancy was a protective shield against hurt.

Mindy did have one bosom friend, Alta, a girl she had met in junior-high camp the year before. They seemed bent on making camp a scrambled-up, strictly secular experience. Alta was not in my group but she was assigned to the other end of our cabin. Deaf to all pleas, they sang blithely through the rest periods, preventing anyone else in Cabin Three from catching a catnap. At night Alta would sneak into our end of the cabin and climb into Mindy's top bunk. Their giggling, whispering, and bouncing around had an Olympic quality about it—far outlasting the other girls'.

Occasionally they did not come back to the cabin at all, and I would be forced to search the grounds with my puny flashlight—a spying chore I detested.

Mindy became my number one concern. I tried every way I could think of to reach her. I planted pleasant little items in the camp newspaper (which was read aloud with much hilarity at lunchtime). I contrived to sit at her table for at least one meal a day. I encouraged her to use her musical talents on some of the programs. From morning watch until the last giggle at night I prayed that a miracle of awareness would happen for Mindy, that she might escape from the nervous, self-centered, superficial quagmire she was in to the sure knowledge of God's power and purpose and peace.

All my efforts to establish rapport were shrugged off. She and Alta went their giddy way during free time and during group meetings Mindy's mind was obviously elsewhere. Once, apropos of nothing we had been discussing, she asked indignantly, "Would *you* knock your daughter clear across the room if she got home from a date five minutes late?" And that time, when I was really speechless, she seemed willing to listen to what I would say.

The only crack I saw in her armor all week happened the last evening of camp. After our friendship circle, under low-hanging stars, she sought me out, crying. "I know I've acted awful this week, and I'm sorry," she said. "Can you forgive me?" I was close to tears myself. If only the week were starting instead of ending.

"Of course, I forgive you, Mindy. I love you. And

God loves you, too. Let's ask him to help you to become the kind of person he wants you to be." As I put my arms around her I fervently hoped I would say the right words, and that she really meant what she said and was not playacting. I never did know for sure because in all the bustle of packing, cabin cleanup, and good-byes the next morning we didn't have another chance to talk.

I wrote to her though. I always write everyone in my group a follow-up letter. But since Mindy haunted me I wrote her several more times. There was an elusive bravado about Mindy that plucked at your heartstrings. She seemed so lost. So pathetic.

In every letter I sent her a "secret message." I love to do this. There is no code to be deciphered. The secret message is a Scripture passage. Sometimes I know exactly what scriptural message is right. Other times I become so engrossed searching for a certain meaningful Scripture I want to send to a special person that I'll spend half a day spellbound by the beauty and wisdom of the Bible. I always hope, when I send one of these messages

to a friend, that she will become enthralled, too, and read on. I wished this for Mindy. I remember writing once: "P.S. Read the whole 12th chapter of Romans—in Today's English Version, if possible."

Mindy never answered my letters. Now almost a year later, I was saying no when I truly wanted to say yes. And all because of Mindy.

"We need you," the recruiter was insisting. I finally capitulated. "I'll come. But, I don't think it's fair to the young people to be assigned to the same counselor for two consecutive years."

Spring came. School ended. It was time again for camp. If I thought Mindy would automatically become someone else's responsibility, I was wrong. I had hardly parked the car when "Dorothy!" was screamed excitedly, and Mindy hurled herself at me. "I'm not in your group this year," she wailed. "But we're in the same cabin as last year. I saved you the bunk by the door."

She helped me unload, talking a mile a minute. This girl looked like Mindy. She had all the bounce and vivacity of the Mindy I knew last year, but something was very different. "Oh, I'm so glad to be back!" she exulted. I was, too. I could hardly wait to get acquainted with this "new" girl.

Mindy was briefly downcast when she discovered Alta was not at camp. But with her new self-assurance she made new friends and greeted last-year acquaintances exuberantly.

It is funny now to remember how apprehensive we had been about individuals "who had disrupted the camp last summer." We even had deliberated at preplanning sessions about what disciplinary action should be taken if "certain ones" flouted rules about rest periods or lights out. Our worries proved needless, for this year there were few infractions and no pranks that weren't funny and acceptable.

One evening I happened onto an impromptu group that had gathered in the twilight outside the recreation building. Doug (a new counselor) and Mindy had their guitars, and Doug was teaching the others a ballad. He would call out each new chord and Mindy would play it with scarcely a lag in the music. Later, privately, I congratulated Doug on his adroitness in helping Mindy to shine in acceptable ways. He was astonished. "You don't mean *she's* one of the troublemakers! Mindy? Why that girl's really gifted. I can't believe she'd ever be a problem."

I found it hard to believe, too, that she was the same Mindy who had frustrated and rejected my efforts last year. What if I hadn't come back this year! It would have been like reading all the suspenseful parts of a mystery story and never finding out who "dunit." Or like seeing the horrid before picture but not the lovely after one.

At mealtime, around the campfire, and during free time Mindy was often nearby. She joined in the banter without elbowing for attention. She even befriended a younger girl who was homesick. Her group leaders said she participated in discussions, listening, and evaluating other people's opinions.

On our annual hike to the Indian Caves I finally had an opportunity to talk to Mindy alone. The group had scattered, some looking for artifacts, others wading upstream. Mindy and I leaped out to a flat rock in the middle of the stream to rest. "What happened to you, Mindy? You've changed since last year."

I waited, knowing that last year's Mindy would have flipped my question away like a too-inquisitive bug. "Do you really want to know?" she asked, giving me a clear-eyed look. "Well, remember that skit Alta and I did last year, where we unwound bathroom tissue all over the stage and nobody thought it was funny?" Yes, I remembered. "It seems like everything we did all week was wrong. Everybody else was having such fun, and we wanted to have fun, too. But we went at it all wrong." She dabbled her fingers in the water.

"When I got home I thought a lot about camp and how we'd goofed things up. And I read the study booklet, finally. That one about living in the Spirit of God in every relationship. I figured out then that's what everyone else had been trying to do. Oh, I listened a little bit last year." She made a droll face, and I sensed her shyness and the courage it took for her to tell me this.

"I never believed before that God was really interested in high-school kids, or that kids would take all that stuff seriously." She shrugged. "Or that it would make a difference one way or another. I about shocked-over when it hit me. So, I decided to try it out and see if it would work for me.

"It was hard at first, and lots of times I forgot. I still forget, especially with my mother. But when I try, when I let God have a chance, it works. I mean he works." Someone hollered just then for Mindy to come quick, and our talk was over.

Every evening the girls in our cabin took turns leading a short meditation before lights out. Friday Mindy volunteered. After lengthy bedtime preparations, pajama-clad girls gathered and a hush fell over the group. "Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah . . ." How beautifully their voices blended. "Come by here, my Lord, come by here . . ." Their faces, beneath the big hair rollers, glowed. Then Mindy stood. "I will read the 12th chapter of Romans."

She read as though the words were familiar, as though each instruction had a special meaning for her: "Do not conform outwardly to the standards of this world, but *let God transform you inwardly* [she emphasized these five words] by a complete change of your mind. Then you will be able to know the will of God—what is good, and is pleasing to him, and is perfect."

The words, I realized, were those of Today's English Version of the Bible. I had seen the before—now I saw the after. And I knew without doubt Who "dunit."

I wouldn't miss being a counselor at camp for the world. I've already said yes for next year. When you know the location of the fountain of youth you go back often. □

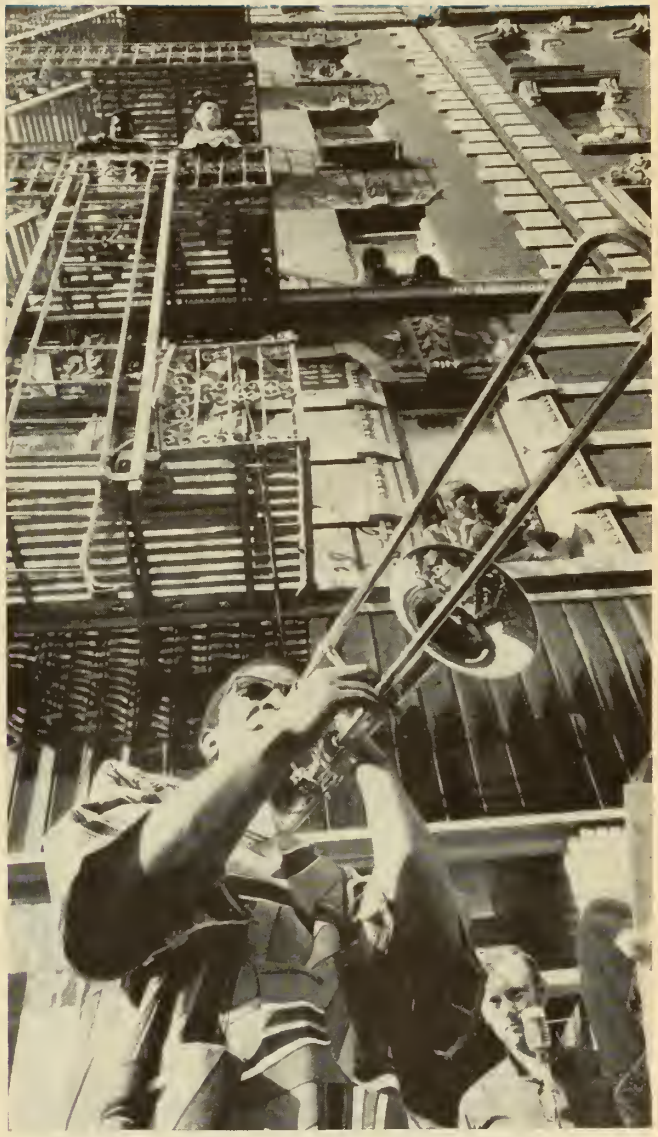
IT'S JOYOUS, IT'S JAZZ

A LONE TROMBONE sends exultant notes skyward, past tenement tops lining the crowded East Harlem street. It's early on a warm Sunday evening. Faces appear in slack-curtained windows; children peer from sooty fire escapes; people gathered on door stoops and street corners fall silent. Music swells as piano, bass, drums, and saxophone join the trombone. The sounds are familiar and the faces reflect a common interest. The music grabs them, and they understand.

Jazz, direct descendant of the slave-born spiritual, has been reclaimed by a vigorous breed of Christians to reach the people of East Harlem, a mile-square area of New York inhabited by more than 215,000 blacks, Puerto Ricans, and Italians. Here an experimental ministry is one of the many programs attempting to breathe new life and new hope into the community. The program was initiated jointly through the efforts of the Rev. Harold Eads, United Methodist minister on special assignment to the East Harlem Protestant Parish, and George Cables, a jazz musician and former parish staffer.

"Several summers ago we ran a series of freedom schools for our teen-agers to which we invited well-known black and Puerto Rican entertainers, artists, and professional people," Mr. Eads explained. "The idea was to challenge and inspire our youth by direct contact with their counterparts who have bridged the gap to the world of success and project a strong image," he continued. "To meet someone who represents this achievement gives our people a ray of hope and pride." Chita Rivera, Puerto Rican star of Broadway's *West Side Story* and *Bye Bye Birdie*, was among the professionals who participated in the freedom schools.

"The results of this program were overwhelming," Mr. Eads said. "Our teen-agers came alive with the realization that these successful entertainers and artists were concerned about them. They responded enthusiastically to the demands of professional musicians and dancers in our first jazz production of the gospel story, *A Man Dies*. They found they had to think fast, be part of a whole, have a vision of what was going to happen next, and develop real discipline," he continued. "And,



Beneath the crowded windows and fire escapes of an East Harlem tenement, trombonist Dick Griffin leads off a street-side Sunday-evening jazz service.

DO YOU LIKE
MUSIC ?

they performed well beyond their own expectations!

"Since that time I've learned a lot from jazz musicians about my whole ministry here," Mr. Eads reflects. "I've discovered the importance of improvisation, of taking a basic theme and working in terms of the people around me."

Being involved is a way of life for Harold Eads. A native of Topeka, Kans., he once served as president of the Kansas Conference Methodist Youth Fellowship and was president of the Wesley Foundation during his undergraduate years at the University of Kansas. During the summer of 1961, while a student at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, he worked on the East Harlem Protestant Parish staff. Two years later he won a Rotary fellowship and spent a year studying at the University of Ibadan in Nigeria. Enrolled in the department of religious studies, he took courses in African literature, art, history, and politics. He rejoined the parish staff on his return from Africa.

Both Nigeria and East Harlem are a long way from Topeka. Hal Eads' soft midwestern accent, his fair skin and sandy hair seem incongruous in East Harlem. But in his six years there, parish residents have recognized him as one of their own. "The role that music has played has contributed to the way we celebrate life here in East Harlem," he emphasized. "What we do in terms of the arts isn't done for art's sake or as an appendage of the church. It's done specifically for the sake of the people involved. They gain an awareness of their own talent, a chance to celebrate it, and in the process they catch a glimpse of a brighter future."

In East Harlem, traditional church structures are not sufficient to meet the overwhelming concentration of human need. The 21-year-old East Harlem Protestant Parish is an interdenominational effort to provide a specialized ministry to a community of specialized need. As an umbrella operation, it has encouraged many experimental efforts including creative forms of worship. Within this framework, Mr. Eads joined the parish in 1964 and served as a staff minister at one of its units, the Church of the Ascension, until January, this year.

Top: Gilberto and Hector, Shalom boosters, ask the obvious. Jazz pianist George Cables, a member of the staff, plays an original composition during the vesper service in front of Shalom's storefront headquarters. Bottom: To symbolize the unity of the block, director Hal Eads breaks bread and passes it among the worshipers. One recipient is Mrs. Mary Yancey.

Since then, however, he has embarked on a new venture of his own creation. Shalom, Inc., which he now serves as full-time director, is a storefront experimental ministry and operates as a unit of the parish. The idea grew out of Hal Eads' theater activities, his experiences with jazz musicians, and his involvement with the people of East Harlem.

"Shalom is trying to be an ecumenical structure in which all people can come together as members of one family," Mr. Eads explained. "So many people are looking for genuine involvement, dialogue, and want to contribute to the *shalom*—a word for wholeness, peace, justice. We're trying to become a bridge between many worlds whether they be geographical, racial, liturgical, or situational."

Crowds gathered outside Shalom's storefront headquarters last summer, attracted by the jazz vesper services held in the street. "Within the parish we've always tried to work with a given structure," said Mr. Eads. "And the given structure of New York is the streets. They're very crowded in the summertime. If you find ways to utilize the kind of energy that's there and let people express it, it can be a very positive experience."

An important part of the jazz vesper service is the breaking and sharing of bread. Large loaves of Italian bread are broken and passed through the audience by Mr. Eads. "The people were so caught up by this moment of sharing that one of the men stopped a passing car and handed part of a loaf through the window for the people inside to share," reminisces Mr. Eads. "This symbolized what we're trying to say at Shalom . . . that the bread of Christ is offered to everybody and there's always enough left over.

"There are many in this community for whom traditional church forms have relevance," observes Mr. Eads. "But I think increasingly the church needs to have different types of structures existing side by side. For the people we're involving, the traditional forms are not as relevant or as exciting to their lives as experimental things are," he continued. "More and more I believe in kind of ad hoc situations which bring people together for celebration. I believe in acting out the goodness of God's creation—of affirming the world rather than denying it—which is the basic philosophy behind the activities of Shalom."

Shalom's staff includes Cables, a professional entertainer, and Alice Ware, a housewife who visits in homes and works with children. While jazz plays a major part in most Shalom programs, the storefront ministry includes educational activities for children and adults. The program is constantly struggling financially, however, and

City-sponsored mobile units, including this Jazzmobile, enliven summer evenings in New York City neighborhoods. Here the John Patton Trio offers a curbside concert in East Harlem.

Mr. Eads has been committed to raising his own salary as well as those of his staff members.

"In terms of the dramatic and musical productions we've done locally I think we have seen a tremendously concrete response," said Mr. Eads. Today almost half of the 40 young people in the original cast of *A Man Dies* have gone on to college. Many were aided by the parish's college prep program which makes contact with colleges for scholarships, tutors the student, and tries to match each youth to the right kind of college situation. "In just a few years there has been a great surge of life in East Harlem," Mr. Eads adds. "People are beginning to initiate and direct their own community programs.

"Things like the Jazzmobile also have contributed to the changed atmosphere in the city," he continued. Mayor John V. Lindsay has been instrumental in encouraging a city-sponsored program of mobile units which move around the city offering residents the chance to see performances by well-known entertainers. Mr. Eads is on the Jazzmobile's board of directors. Through this association he has met such top musicians as Billy Taylor, jazz pianist and author of the popular song *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free*. As a result, Mr. Taylor, one of the founders of the Jazzmobile, has taken part in several jazz programs sponsored by the parish.

Other city-sponsored mobile units include a dancemobile and several small theater groups which perform on floats. "In the past people were dying to get away from the city during the summer," observed Mr. Eads. "But now it's become a really joyous place to be."

—*Patricia Sanberg*

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Can the church expect quieter days in the 1970s?

✤ A little imagination tells us that the world of the 1970s will have more people, more rapid change, more clamor for goods and services. There will be hunger, bruised feelings, pollution and struggle for freedom. The church cannot be quiet in this kind of world. It is not called to quietness; it is called to faithfulness to her Lord who gave his life in love for the world. To love the world is to love its people, whoever they are, and to respond to their needs. If the church response comes from a faithfulness to One who had to withdraw from the crowd for a moment of quiet, the church will have nothing to fear.

How can we explain God's forgiveness?

✤ The forgiveness of God is not so much to be explained as to be accepted. Love has a way of its own which does not always fit the logic of human reason. We cannot really explain a father's forgiveness of a prodigal son (Luke 15:11-32). The brother who stayed at home was really quite logical when he said, "You know how I have slaved for you all these years; I never once disobeyed your orders; and you never gave me so much as a kid, for a feast with my friends." (Luke 15:29 NEB) It is easy to explain rewards for good behavior, but hard to explain rewards for bad behavior.

The only way to understand forgiveness is by an appeal to love. Love does not keep score nor try to balance accounts. In the classic words of 1 Corinthians 13:7 (NEB): "There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and its endurance." There is nothing we can do to merit forgiveness. God loves us so much that he offers us a new start every day. He wipes the slate clean and accepts us, not as sinners but as sons. If an earthly father can do this for a prodigal son, it helps to explain how the God of love can do this for all of us.

What is radical theology?

✤ Strictly speaking, it is theology that is "of, proceeding from, or pertaining to roots or foundations." This is what "radical" means. What most people have in mind, when they express concern about radical theology, is a type of theologian who departs from the orthodox so much as to shock their minds and disturb their spirits.

In recent years "radical theology" has been used to describe the "religionless Christianity" that followed the thinking of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, or the "Death of God" theology associated with Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton.

If we remember that theology is an ordered search for knowledge about God, the term radical will not disturb us. An excellent small book that provides perspective is ***God is Dead—The Anatomy of a Slogan*** by Kenneth Hamilton (Eerdmans, paper, $1.25).

Whatever Happened... to Morality?

By JOHN ROBERT McFARLAND
Campus Minister, Wesley Foundation
Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois

BECAUSE of a spine curvature, a girl was forced to wear a brace which severely limited her movements. She learned to ride a bicycle but was not able to get off by herself. Whenever she rode, she had to keep going until she met someone who could help her stop and dismount.

This illustrates our present crisis in morality. We got on a particular conception of morality and began riding. Now we find that the times are changing, but we cannot get off. We just keep riding around the block in the same direction.

Why a Crisis Exists

The crisis in morality exists for a number of reasons. For one thing, the world has shifted from a pattern of relative stability to one of constant alteration. Our culture and language are changing. Former patterns of morality no longer can cope with the problems. Traditional authority patterns have broken down. Whatever we say to the younger generation about morality will have to be applicable to a world shouting loudly that it intends to keep on changing.

The current crisis in morality is related to our very unrealistic estimate of human potential, and both the young and the nonyoung share in this malady. Some young people have a basic trust in the goodness of man. They assume that we really are by nature capable of loving one another. They suppose that a sentimentalized call to love is sufficient to solve human problems. Some claim that the people in power at the moment who have no potential for goodness must simply be muscled out of the way of "the good ones."

On the other hand, some people of power, wealth, and position assume that while man probably cannot come to love his fellowman, some men are good enough and wise enough to decide for all others who should do what and how and when, who the enemy is and who the friend is, who should be destroyed and who should prosper.

These are both inaccurate estimates of human potential, and they contribute greatly to our crisis in morality. They assume that if we can just keep conditions from changing, then the world will be a lovely place in which to live.

Another facet of the crisis is our inability to distinguish between personal and social morality. Reinhold Niebuhr pointed out years ago that people will participate in acts as part of a group that they would never commit individually. Very few of us personally would settle differences with bombs and napalm, but as part of a national group we do such things and sometimes claim that they are good. A single standard and set of principles for both personal and social morality is inadequate when the conditions of each are quite different.

Our reward orientation makes us almost afraid to be "good." We fear that we shall get nothing for it, while those who are "bad" will have all the fun. Few of us see any point to being moral if we do not get something out of it.

Most important of all, our morality is rootless. We are trying to set guidelines as though morality were an entity in itself. Thus we try to find motivation for morality in values which are just a part of the changing scene. When

another act hits the stage, the values to which we hitched our moral wagon are gone, and some see no reason to be moral any longer. As we used to say about the dirt roads in southern Indiana, "Choose your ruts carefully. You're going to be in them for a long way." If they did not go all the way to the end of the road, you were in trouble.

Morality for the Christian is rooted in God, through Christ. It comes out of a relationship to God, not a covey of rules decreed for peace of mind or personal growth or national influence. Morality cannot be divorced from the motivation which leads to it.

The crux of the crisis in morality is that there is a breakdown in the perception of the God-man relationship. The old piety no longer is good enough. Prayer seems unreal. We anticipate no miracles via God's breaking into the natural order. The Bible is a closed book and, even if it were open, few of us would view it with seeing eyes. We do not anticipate that God will speak to us through it. Underneath it all, we are not sure about God himself. We can no longer take seriously the fourth-grade church-school knowledge of God with which too many people still operate.

For increasing numbers of persons, the old devotional models just will not conjure up a relationship with God. To say "pray harder" or "read the Bible more" does not mean anything to them. Our context has changed, and our language has changed.

To illustrate, my father as a boy worked the farm all summer with a particular mule. He never spoke but made clucking sounds to give directions. The cluck was different for each thing he wanted the mule to do. On the first day of school in the fall, his father took the mule out to work. He said, "Get up," but the mule would not budge. He tried everything he knew. He ranted, raved, and cursed. He even hit the mule with a two-by-four, but it would not move. When my father came home that night, the mule was still in its harness. He clucked, and away it went. The mule knew a certain language, and that alone would make it respond.

The motivation for morality, and the guidelines to what is moral and what is not, come from our relationship to God. But to enter into that relationship with God today we must have a spaceship, not a prairie schooner.

The wonder of Jesus is that he never has been encompassed by any age. He is the bedrock for a time of stability, but he is also the dynamic for a day of change. He is the suffering servant and the man of sorrows when forgiveness is needed. He is the man for others when mission in the world keys the lock of meaning. He is the vigorous, swift prosecutor of the money changers when the time is ripe for judgment and reform.

Always he is the proclaimer of a new day. And the future is God's future, says Jesus. As such, each day brings salvation, wholeness, and renewal to the one who accepts it as God's. For those who cling to it as their own, as does Charlie Schultz's Lucy in proclaiming the New Year as hers alone, it is judgment and condemnation.

In a changing world, Jesus once again provides a bridge to God, just as he has always done. What difference does it make that God is not "out there" in some particular "other place"? This is among the things which can stand to change because they are not God. What difference does it make if we cannot wall God in within the pages of our hymnals or structure him into the ups and downs of our rituals? God is still God, and man is still man. The relationship between the two is still possible for those who are willing to see God at work within his changing world.

In this view, prayer takes on new possibilities. It is not talking to God so much as reflecting on what God is saying to me through the people around me. It is pondering what he wants to say to them through me. Worship is not so much recharging my spiritual batteries as it is coming together with others to learn what we have in common, and thus what God is saying to us through one another. The Bible is not a guidebook for solitary actions. It is a dramatization of human relationships and a casebook for the way people respond to what God has done for us.

Freed to Love

God's act, in Christ, to make all things new gives us a future. It frees us from the necessity of justifying our lives. We are worthwhile because we are created by God and loved by him. The good news is that he accepts us, not because we are good but because we are his. Morality is responding to God's love and acceptance by loving and accepting others. We no longer need to conquer others to show that we are better. We are freed to love.

The example which almost invariably comes to mind as a concomitant of the word morality is sex. Neither bad nor good in and of itself, sex is bad or good according to what it means as a function of a relationship. The many problems about sex today are the direct result of disconnecting sex from the context of a relationship.

Sex can be used to soothe and to comfort, or it can be used to hurt and express anger. It can be good news or an unhealthy compulsion by which we try to justify our existence. We misunderstand sex when we see it only as physical acts rather than in its total context of relationship and communication. If a sex act is immoral, it is not because sex is in the act but because the relationship is not moral.

Unfortunately, sex has been played up to be an ultimate goal. It has been thought of as that which one can finally enter into with marriage, or as the right, finally, to seduce another.

Just as a wedding ceremony is only the beginning of a relationship of complete commitment, so is sex only the beginning of deeper growth in relationship. Sex is not some lowest common animal function like eating and drinking, which is all right so long as no one cares. It is a way of communicating, a way of showing love and acceptance, a way of growing in relationship to another.

What has been said of sex can be generalized to all our moral decisions. Morality is the way we respond to God. What we do is bad or good according to how it affects persons, whether or not it frees them to be whole and healthy. No act can be judged by itself. It is meaningful only in the context of relationship—my individual relationship to God, my relationships with other persons, my relationship to the self I am meant to be. What we call morality is simply our way of responding to what God already has done and is doing in his world. □

Letters

RADA'S ART DIFFICULT BUT APPROPRIATE TO THE '70s

Hopefully, this note of appreciation will reach your desk before the unhappy criticisms arrive.

I appreciated the color spread of Miroslav Rada's art in *Czech Artist's Work Is an Expression of Faith* in the April issue [page 42]. Rada is expressing a faith appropriate to the 1970s in his visual art experiences.

There is a realization that his art work is not easy to interpret; nor will it look as though it were a photograph. But the Christian faith in the '70s calls for a sense of commitment and a sense of understanding that must go far beyond a surface "happiness."

R. DAVID GOODELL
Minister of Evangelism
First United Methodist Church
Peoria, Ill.

ADOPTION OPEN TO COUPLES WANTING LARGE FAMILIES

I am writing in response to Dr. William N. Harsha's letter [*Nothing Wrong With Big Families*, April, page 52]. He wrote that "improvement in the world can be achieved by the geometric progression of knowledge disseminated by large Christian families."

I believe that overpopulation is *the* most important problem facing the world, and as concerned Christians we have a responsibility to do our part in solving it.

Dr. Harsha states that he has 12 children. This was fine before we realized the need for family limitation. Now young couples who share Dr. Harsha's views should have two, then adopt their other children.

MRS. RICHARD H. JONES
Milton Junction, Wis.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

PARENTS MUST PLAN FAMILIES ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITIES

Congratulations to Dr. William N. Harsha for his success in raising a large family in a Christian environment. His profession and income apparently have enabled him to attain greater success than most parents enjoy.

I wonder if Dr. Harsha counsels his patients to follow his example. Each pair of parents must plan the size of their family according to their ability to provide for their children's future. More counseling is needed to prepare young people for family life, and ministers and teachers need to be trained to provide this counseling. Each congregation needs a family-life course to help young people prepare for parenthood's responsibilities.

Emphasis should be placed on God's plan for each individual.

E. W. ALLINGER
Calumet, Mich.

EPHESUS PILGRIMAGES INCREASING RAPIDLY

I am delighted to observe that you chose the Easter season to publish another article on Ephesus. [See *Easter at Ephesus*, April, page 23.]

The American Society of Ephesus, Inc. (George B. Quatman Foundation) was formed in the early 1950s for the purpose of focusing worldwide attention on this cradle of Christianity. While our founder was Catholic, the society welcomes the attention of persons of all faiths. We do not solicit contributions and have no paid personnel.

We have watched pilgrimages grow from a very few persons to the several hundred thousand who now visit Ephesus each year. Accommodations have developed from primitive conditions to new hotels that rival any around the world.

JOSEPH B. QUATMAN, *Trustee*
American Society of Ephesus, Inc.
Lima, Ohio

CLEVER ISRAELIS EVEN BRAINWASH CHURCH EDITORS

I am writing about *A Perspective on the Middle East* [March, page 5, and April, page 27].

Compared with the backward Arabs, the Israelis are pretty clever. They know how to brainwash even editors of religious magazines. Were these editors so overwhelmed that they forgot to ask if Israel had no pangs of conscience about the plight of hundreds of thousand of Arabs who had been dispossessed of homes and property and who now languish in refugee camps where Israel accepts no responsibilit for them? Or are the Jews still following Old Testament ways of conquest with our blessing?

PAUL J. KLUT
Bishop, Cali

MIDEAST COVERAGE APPRECIATE

Please accept our compliments on your coverage of Middle East events in your March and April issues.

Interest in the Middle East continues. About a year ago our organization, Americans for Middle East Understanding, Inc., paid for the printing of the third edition of *Twice in a Lifetime*, a pictorial account of the plight of th Palestinian refugees, published by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. We gave a free copy of this publication to each of our United Methodist clergy. About 4,00 asked for additional information and were placed on our mailing list. They continued to request our free material, and we are pleased that Americans for Middle East Understanding can be of service. It was for this that we were created

JOHN M. SUTTON, *Exec. Director*
Americans for Middle East Understanding, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Sutton, who once served as pastor of the American congregation in Athens, Greece, is a United Methodist on special appointment from the New England Conference.—Editors

BELIEF IN CHRIST MUST REMAIN CENTRAL

May I say how much more I am enjoying *Together*. The viewpoint is more balanced than a year ago.

I was interested in Douglas M. Treadway's letter [*Reprimands Missed Point*, April, page 51]. I think he missed the point.

The Christian faith centers around a person, Jesus Christ. It is not following his teachings, his demonstration, his healings that makes one a Chirstian. It is belief *in* Christ. If you take Jesus Christ out of the centrality of the church, you are taking the heart out, and the church or the individual no longer can call himself a Christian.

Mr. Treadway said that he is "turned off by people who always

ave to push Christ into someone's inking." That is his privilege. Ve can accept Christ or reject im. But that does not diminish the esponsibility of Christians to speak bout him. If we lose our enthusiasm or Jesus Christ, we are dead piritually. The good works may bound, but without the pushing ower of Christ alive in a person's fe, they will not amount to ery much. Alongside my social ction, I also must witness with my ongue. If I keep silent, I am enying my Lord.

MRS. JOYCE M. PARKER
New Harbor, Maine

IAP HELPS SPARK INTEREST OR VACATIONING CHURCHMAN

I was very much interested in e news picture on page 20 of the pril issue, showing a family using e new United Methodist Tourist iap. We have used an earlier dition of this map for years, and has enabled us to visit many of ur church-related colleges, social enters, and other points of interest.

On a trip southeast recently we opped in Nashville, Tenn., at carritt College, the Upper Room hapel, and the Board of Evangelism. Ve visited Lake Junaluska and the Vorld Methodist Council center in lorth Carolina, and on the way ome we stopped at Henderson ettlement in Frakes, Ky., and the niversity of Evansville in Indiana.

On other trips we have seen nited Methodist sites in Iowa, hio, Illinois, Oklahoma, Texas, and rizona. Such stops can make a acation much more interesting or a United Methodist.

BERT A. BESSIRE, *Ret. Minister*
Lincoln, Nebr.

Copies of the 1970 edition of the nited Methodist Tourist Map are vailable at $1 each from the Division f Interpretation, 1200 Davis St., vanston, Ill. 60201.—Editors

OMMUNISTS LOVE NTIWAR ACTIVITIES

I am writing in response to *War eserters Seen Escaping 'to Sanity,'* e March news item [page 23] eporting on the Rev. Thomas layes's trip to Sweden, sponsored y Clergy and Laymen Concerned bout Vietnam.

Father Hayes should call his friends ogether and have a good eart-to-heart talk about how to est deal with the problem of war, specially a psychological war as vell as a shooting war.

For me, it is this simple: As long as we have Communist-dominated nations who plan to conquer the world (this is no secret), the USA must do its best to remain stronger than its potential enemies.

The antiwar parades, sit-ins, and all the associated violence and the social unrest are so pleasing to the Commies. They love all who so participate.

In my book these deserters are yellow cowards who don't wish to carry their share of our national responsibility as citizens. It's their choice. I have no sympathy for their kind, and I feel I'm not alone in this sentiment.

FORREST G. STITH
Kansas City, Mo.

FOREMOST QUESTION LEFT UNANSWERED: WHY UNITE?

Thank you for your interview with Bishop James K. Mathews regarding the proposed merger of nine churches in the Consultation on Church Union. [See *Should 25 Million Protestants Unite?* March, page 15.]

The bishop answered many questions (all pre-arranged, I am sure), but some very important ones were left unasked and unanswered. First and foremost: Why unite these nine demoninations? Just to get bigger? Many people already feel that The United Methodist Church is too big, with central control and central neglect. Now, to make matters worse, our denomination is to be completely abolished with final loss of autonomy. It is comforting to know, however, that individual churches who demand to be left out will be permitted to retain their property and go it alone. So hopefully, the Methodist Church will not die completely.

Another important question has to do with democratic representation. Who will cast the ballots that will seal our fate? Bishop Mathews speaks of a "yes" or "no" vote by the General Conference and also of local involvement for joint discussion and participation. He does not say that we bottom-rung members will vote on the issue so I presume that we will not. This does not surprise me, however. After 20 years of membership and as a member of our local administrative board, I have a pretty clear idea of how the democratic process does not work in our church.

This effort will alienate many steadfast members and will lose more for us than this high-minded and high-handed philosophy will gain. The racial overtones in the merger plan, as reported by the press, already have provoked some heated discussion, even here in Minnesota.

MIKE DAY
Delano, Minn.

NOT WHETHER, ONLY WHEN

The title of the March interview is *Should 25 Million Protestants Unite?* but the tone of the article suggests that there is no question of *whether*, only *when*. By what authority are we placed in this position?

MRS. WILLIAM G. TUEL
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Bishop Mathews clearly stated his own personal hope that the Church of Christ Uniting will come into being and that United Methodists will be a part of it. He was careful to point out, however, that the "yes" or "no" decisions are to be made by the representative denominational bodies following extensive discussion and debate throughout the churches. As indicated by 'Batter Up' Time for COCU [May, page 19], proponents of the merger make no presumption that the plan actually will be adopted.
—Editors

'LORD OF THE DANCE' IS LORD OF LIFE

This is in answer to Mrs. Virginia Shannon whose letter appeared in the April issue [*Trying Too Hard for Relevancy?* page 50] I am only 13, but I understand the song, *Lord of the Dance*, which Mrs. Shannon objected to in your February pictorial [page 34].

She said that she couldn't picture Christ "jigging his way through life." What she doesn't seem to understand is that the "dance" referred to in this song *is* life. Substitute "life" or the verb "live" in this song wherever it says "dance," and I think you will see what I mean.

But that is not the important thing. Mrs. Shannon says that we young people are confused. What have you adults done to help us out of our

confusion? Mrs. Shannon says that that she is praying for a revival within the church. I can tell her that there already is one going on, and it is growing every day. Many of us have committed ourselves to Christ, and believe me, it costs. It costs in lost friends and when others reject you because of it, it hurts. But it pays much more than it costs.

We need your prayers, but we also need your help. If adults are concerned, why not prove it? Work with your young people! I think you will be surprised.

IRIS MARTINEZ
Sacramento, Calif.

'WORSHIP' NO LONGER HAS A SINGLE MEANING

Since other readers responded negatively to the February issue, I wanted to let you know I found it one of the most exciting and relevant issues ever. I particularly liked *The Church Is Its People* [page 44] and *'The Man Who Cared'* [page 30] with its moving song/poem *Lord of the Dance*.

(By the way, I feel that those objections to the "dance" terminology miss the point entirely —easy to do when one gets bogged down with literal interpretations rather than looking for the overall message.)

The entire issue helped me in preparation of a Women's Society program on old and new forms of worship and was an aid to our worship work area in thinking through innovations in our Sunday-morning services.

It seems important to recognize that "worship" no longer has a single meaning, that today's joyous celebrations are just as meaningful (if not more so) as yesterday's traditional rituals. I wonder if objectors to such departures from our "sacred traditions" realize how much we've departed already. Were we true to the established forms of John Wesley and the early Methodist *Discipline*, we would hold our sabbath services "not later than 5 a.m.," have segregated seating for men and women, and would "leave off rings and other superfluous ornaments" before even entering the church!

The way to meaningful communion with God does not lie in needless condemnation of either old or new ways of seeking it but rather in the individual's finding the best way for himself—and respecting the right of others to do likewise.

MRS. DARRELL FREEMAN
Los Gatos, Calif.

The Inner Man by Paul R. Behrens

"I can't decide whether to go jogging or read a chapter in the Bible—so I think I'll sleep a while longer."

APRIL COVER UNAPPRECIATED

For a good many years I pointed with pride to *Together* and led many successful subscription campaigns. I must say, however, that when I get an issue with a cover like the one used in April, I find little reason to recommend it. I feel the same way about the "cartoon" illustration of Christ in the *Open Pulpit* feature [page 48].

I have not found a single person who has any appreciation for the April cover. If this is a part of the "way out" position in The United Methodist Church, then it just adds to my concern. I fear that we are rapidly coming to a division within our church. Satan offered to give Jesus the world if he would just water down his position. Jesus refused, but it looks as if a lot of our people warm up to the compromise.

BRUCE F. GANNAWAY, *Pastor*
First United Methodist Church
Ormond Beach, Fla.

BEING 'TOO RELIGIOUS' DETRACTS FROM JOY OF FAITH

I am writing in response to the Rev. John D. Redman's letter in the March issue [*Money 'Too Religious' for Board of Missions*? page 49]. He replied to a January article which mentioned a girl turned down for missionary service because she was "too religious."

I served on a mission field following an intensive study of comparative religions, and I feel there is a misunderstanding here about two very important words: religion and Christianity. Religion is one of the systems of faith and worship; Christianity is the religion of Christians.

My religion is Christianity, and that is what I was sent to give to non-Christians. But they, too, are religious, since they worship a god. I may be too religious in whatever faith I accept, thus detracting from the joy and effectiveness and beauty of my faith.

I served with a fine Christian woman who should have lived back in the days of old when the don'ts outnumbered the dos, and she almost ruined a marvelous project.

We so often attempt to confine our Christian faith. Are we afraid to launch a broad and inclusive program for Christ's kingdom? Read Deuteronomy 31:8 and then sing all the verses of *How Great Thou Art!*

MRS. MABEL RESOR CRYNES
Gordonsville, Minn.

Fiction

THIS IS a time when we are all conscious of gaps between people which seem well-nigh unbridgeable. Of course, there is a gap which is always with us: the gap between youth and age, although today the growing disgust on the part of older people and the minimum respect of the young for experience and the past makes the gap more serious and, at least, more noticeable.

There is the gap between black and white, and, where I live, an increasing gap between liberal and reactionary. We spend a good deal of time searching for a way to close these gaps or seeking some word to explain them more clearly to us. I am sorry to have to bring another one of these problems before you, but every time I read the testimony of a man who was in the concentration camps and escaped, I am aware that he has been through experiences which I can never understand, let alone feel. I want to begin this month's offering with a book written by such a man.

The book is PHOENIX OVER THE GALILEE by Katzetnik 135633 (*Harper & Row, $5.95*). The author uses as his pseudonym his concentration-camp number. His real name is Yehiel De-Nur. This is a wonderful book in many ways, a great testimony of a man who went through all kinds of hell and came out of it not bitter and revengeful but full of love. Harry Preleshnik, after being freed from Auschwitz, makes his way to Israel. Here he meets Galilea, a beautiful young Sabra, daughter of a doctor who lives in a beautiful home in Tel-Aviv. She has never been willing to settle down with any of the bright young Jews who courted her. When she finds Harry Preleshnik, however, she knows that he is her man, and with great openness and courage, she makes sure that he understands that he is to marry her.

Harry's background cannot be forgotten altogether, however, and he goes through some bad times. Hoping that Israel would now be a place of security for him and his family, he finds that the Arab-Jewish war goes on day after day. In spite of all this, he seeks a better way. Galilea goes through an emotional crisis because of problems loaded on her, and tries to relieve her psychological frustration by eating which makes her fat and unattractive. Their two children know that something is wrong with her but do not understand what it can be. You will be glad to know that she finally gets control of herself, recovers, and once more becomes slim and beautiful.

There are so many wonderful people in the book that a brief review cannot tell about them all. There are scenes of understanding and friendship brought about by shared memories of suffering. There is a real attempt on the part of Harry and Galilea to find a common meeting place with the Arabs Harry has had enough of the bitterness, and Galilea has never believed in its justification. So they meet the groups of Arabs in a desperate attempt to end the hatred between the two peoples. Whatever might have come from it is ended by an Arab booby trap which blows up a truck and kills Galilea.

Anyone who has visited Israel and the Arab lands knows of the bitterness and the hatred that exists. Political leaders like Nasser emphasize it and keep it alive. Russia on the one hand and America on the other back their favorites, and peace in the Middle East moves farther and farther away. In this novel there is no answer ultimately, but there is a clue to the direction men will have to move to find that answer. It's a significant book.

After reading *Phoenix Over the Galilee* you will need something like DON CAMILLO MEETS THE FLOWER CHILDREN by Giovanni Guareschi (*Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, $5.95*). Guareschi's death in 1968 was a great loss. He had published six Don Camillo books, and if you ever read one of them, you will be glad that the publishers have brought this one out also.

The little Italian village where the mayor is a Communist and where Don Camillo, the parish priest, fights with courage and the help of his Lord against the atheistic party, is the field of action. Don Camillo is a big muscular Christian man who in the midst of the battle stops in the church to hear the word of Christ speak to him. The words are not always what Don Camillo wants to hear, but they reveal truth about himself, truth about his opponents, and truth about life.

The flower children represent the younger generation everywhere in the world, the ones who no longer believe in the church, who are more anxious to roam the countryside on their motorcycles than to show respect to priests and Christians. However, Camillo's niece, a young lady with very advanced ideas, cannot deny a fundamental affection for her uncle. Venom is the flower child who is the mayor's son. While very young and modern, he respects Don Camillo largely because the priest understands him better than his father does.

As if all this were not enough, the Vatican sends a young priest to modernize the parish and gradually supplant Don Camillo. The young man is Don Chichi with all the modern ideas of young preachers that I deal with in the Los Angeles Area of The United Methodist Church. Quite often, however, Don Camillo's experience and knowledge of the people helps him to outwit Don Chichi and make him look quite silly.

Well, this is enough to give you an idea of events in the life of Don Camillo and the village. This will not weigh you down and it will not make you sad. It will be a wonderful book just to pick up for a chapter or two before you go to sleep. And while you enjoy it, you are being ecumenical, which would not be true if you were reading a book about a Protestant.

—*GERALD KENNEDY*
Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

BOOKS

When You Say...

When you say, "I love you"
Instead of, "Please love me,"
You unlock the secret
Of God's eternity.

—*Shirley Rice*

GUTTER smells mingled with the aroma of bagels in the Warsaw ghetto where novelist Isaac Bashevis Singer lived as a boy.

Young Isaac's father was a rabbi, his family was warm and loving, and his world was "rich in comedy and tragedy, rich in its individuality, wisdom, foolishness, wildness, and goodness." He recalls it as freshly as if it were yesterday in **A Day of Pleasure** (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, $4.50). This absorbing memoir received the 1969 National Book Award for children's literature, but I hope that doesn't keep all the members of the family from reading it. Like all good books for children, it transcends age barriers.

Only the Britain of Noel Coward and P. G. Wodehouse could have produced Anthony Gibbs, who has known Britain's great and near great all his life and has skipped through the perils of war and cloak-and-dagger episodes with the aplomb of a Bertie Wooster. His only problem seems to be that he is the son of a famous father, foreign correspondent and journalist Sir Philip Gibbs. But he bears this lightly, too.

His autobiography, **In My Own Good Time** (Gambit, $6.95), is tongue in cheek, understated, lively, and sophisticated, all of which makes it good summer reading.

"Men have lived magnificently or miserably, fought wars, changed societies and governments, developed myriad cultures, revolutionized science, and engaged in 10,000 activities, some of which reflected magnificently upon man and some of which degraded him. But in 1969 something occurred, nothing like anything that had happened before. Men walked on the moon," writes Wes Gallagher, general manager of the Associated Press, in **The World in 1969** (Morrow, $8.95).

The moon landings get the major amount of space in this month-by-month chronicle by AP writers, photographers, and editors. And there are other positive stories, including one about those amazing Mets. On the whole, though, the balance tips toward war, unrest, and tragedy. So while this is a good reference book and generously illustrated, I doubt if it will stay on many coffee tables.

These are days when we are having to ask ourselves some very hard questions. When does freedom of speech become incitement to riot? When does riot become revolution? Does the wave of revolution that exists in our society threaten to rise to tidal proportions? Can efforts to divert it avoid the tactics of the police state?

Among the more useful recent books dealing with these issues is **Movement and Revolution** (Doubleday, $5.95, cloth; $1.45, paper). This dialogue on American radicalism between sociology professor Peter L. Berger and Lutheran minister Richard John Neuhaus rose from the coauthors' common concern about American involvement in Southeast Asia and issues relating to it. Both have been active in Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam.

Books by two defendants in the Chicago Seven Trial state the case for the extreme left side of the New Left.

Rebellion and Repression (World, $5.95, cloth; $2.65, Meridian paperback) presents the testimony Tom Hayden gave during hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee and the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence.

Hayden sets the mood in an impassioned introduction in which he asserts that the total violence of the Left is minor when it is put against the backdrop of American history. He calls for a total attack on the courts and taking the issues to the public instead. And, he says: "We have to give up any illusions about 'peaceful' and 'legal' methods of change working in the long (and perhaps even the short) run."

But even at his most inflammatory, Hayden's voice is calm in contrast to that of Yippie leader Jerry Rubin, whose book **Do It!** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95, cloth; $1.95, paper) is both an uninhibited call to revolution and an exhibitionist romp, designed to offend and shock the establishment.

Anthropologist Margaret Mead describes the student generation, born into a technological world and threatened by pollution and the bomb, as like the first generation in a new country.

In **Culture and Commitment** (Natural History Press/Doubleday, $5) she says: "Once the fact of

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Wednesday, August 26

K. Morgan Edwards
Professor of Preaching, Claremont School of Theology, Claremont, Calif.
The God for the Church in Crisis

Charles W. Keysor
Pastor, Grace United Methodist, Elgin, Ill., and Editor of GOOD NEWS
The Crisis in our Church

Thursday, August 27

Dennis Kinlaw
President, Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky.
Authority for the Church in Crisis

Thursday, August 27

Ira Gallaway
District Superintendent, Ft. Worth, Tex., and President, Council on Evangelism
The Other Six Days (Action Opportunities for Evangelicals)

Gerald Kennedy
Bishop, Los Angeles Area, Los Angeles, Calif.
Belonging to the Church in Crisis

Howard Ball
National Director of Lay Ministries, Campus Crusade for Christ, San Bernardino, Calif.
Laymen, You Can Change the World!

Friday, August 28

Frank B. Stanger
President, Asbury Theological Seminary, Wilmore, Ky.
Power for the Church in Crisis

Tom Skinner
Young Black Evangelist, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Black Crisis in the Church

E. Stanley Jones
Missionary and World Evangelist
World Vision for the Church in Crisis

Friday, August 28

C. Philip Hinerman
Pastor, Park Avenue United Methodist Church, Minneapolis, Minn.
Unity Among Dis-United Methodists

Saturday, August 29

Claude Thompson
Professor of Systematic Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.
Social Reform, an Evangelical Imperative

Oral Roberts
Widely Known Evangelist and President, Oral Roberts University, Tulsa, Okla.
Jesus Christ: Master of the Crisis

OTHER PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Walter M. Albritton — Sam Kamaleson — Ford Philpot
Geraldine Conway — Virginia Law — Herbert J. Taylor

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a deep, new, unprecedented worldwide generation gap is firmly established, in the minds of both the young and the old, communication can be established again. But as long as any adult thinks that he, like the parents and teachers of old, can become introspective, invoke his own youth to understand the youth before him, then he is lost."

She believes the children, the young, must ask the questions their elders would never think to ask, but enough trust must be reestablished that the elders will be permitted to work with the young on the answers.

Her reflective, challenging discussion in *Culture and Commitment* grew out of lectures she delivered at the American Museum of Natural History when it celebrated its centennial last year.

John Hay wrote **In Defense of Nature** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95) because: ". . . as a country dweller, I felt that the chipmunks and I had our backs to the wall."

This evocative book about the Atlantic coastline from Maine to Long Island might more appropriately be called an appreciation of nature. Hay recognizes that "a kind of hardening and codifying of our methods and achievements seems to have detached us from the sources of life." But he still believes ". . . that the earth is in us, come what may, and that it has more saving examples in store than we realize, or even understand."

I hope so. But let's not diminish conservation efforts to wait for it.

June Parker Goldman, who is the wife of an Iowa United Methodist minister, writes refreshing essays about simple things—a forgotten birthday, New England in the autumn, a bucketful of catfish—and filtered through her faith and buoyant sense of humor they are contagious expressions of Christian faith. Twenty-five of them have been gathered into **To Touch the Sky** (Abingdon, $2.95), and this book is a good bedside or kitchen-table companion.

Robert E. Goodrich, Jr., senior pastor at Dallas's First United Methodist Church, believes it is a mistake to try to find God under an umbrella of rules and religious forms, and he protests the idea in **Dear God, Where Are You?** (Word Books, $3.95).

This relaxed and refreshing book stresses involvement, not withdrawal, as the authentically Christian style of life. "To be the church—the Christian—is to be the disturbing, reforming, protesting presence in the world," Dr. Goodrich says.

If you should hear an astronomer murmur: "Oh, be a fine girl, kiss me right now, sweetheart," don't jump to conclusions. He is simply using a memory device for the star-classification letters OBAFGKMRNS, says English journalist Nigel Calder in an informal, intensely informative eyewitness account of the new astronomy.

Violent Universe (Viking, $8.95) is based on material Calder gathered for a BBC-TV program, following the research path from England to California, to Princeton, N.J., and West Virginia, Canada, Puerto Rico, and Australia. Stimulating reading.

Abraham, Jeremiah, Moses, and the Magi come to life for young people in four brightly illustrated Bibletimes Books published jointly by Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis and London, and Paulist/Newman Press, New York and London.

Mies Bouhuys is the author of the well-written texts of **A Sprig of Green, The Broken Jug, The Long Journey**, and **The Wise Men From the East** (each $2.50), and Noni Lichtveld has created the lively illustrations.

A special feature of these books that I like very much is the inclusion of insets explaining geographical or historical references.

Almost 2,000 years ago a tentmaker and preacher who traveled along the shores of the Mediterranean dictated letters for his followers in other cities. The *Letters of Paul* survive yet, forming the very core of the New Testament.

Now young people 10 or over are lucky enough to have a commentary prepared especially for them by Rosemary Haughton, who is one of today's most articulate theological thinkers. **Paul and the World's Most Famous Letters** (Abingdon, $3.75) sets the apostle's letters in theological and historical perspective—and brings them into relationship with the world of today. Young people who have this book will never have to wonder why they were written, from where, to whom, or why they are so important. —*Helen Johnson*

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

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UNUSUAL Methodists

HOBIE BILLINGSLEY *Student of Isaac Newton.*

HE HAS BEEN NAMED Diving Coach of the Year for the past six years by the American Swimming Coaches Association. His athletes have won 75 major championships, including two coveted, international Olympic gold medals. He is coach of Indiana University's collegiate championship swim team and builder of the best record in the history of the sport. His name is Hobart Sherwood Billingsley, but he prefers to be called simply Hobie.

Coach Billingsley admits to being just an average coach until he stumbled onto the writings of Isaac Newton, whom he calls "the greatest diving coach who ever lived." Now, to a Billingsley-coached diver, diving is a science. He talks to his athletes about linear motion, double-axis displacement, and transitory motion!

While in school at Ohio State University, Hobie almost left to prepare for the ministry at Yale Divinity School. But World War II intervened, and he returned to OSU in 1947 to earn All-American swim honors each year before graduating in 1951. He joined the Indiana University staff in 1959, and in 1964 his prodigy, Ken Sitzberger, won a gold medal in the Tokyo Olympics. Hobie also coached America's women divers that year and tutored gold-medal winner Lesley Bush. Two of his IU athletes won bronze medals in the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City.

Hobie and his wife, Mary, and their three children attend First United Methodist Church in Bloomington, Ind., where he serves as chairman of the annual spring colloquium. As the church plays a vital role in his life, so his attitude about winning influences his students. "I want to see each boy do the most with what he has, not necessarily win—just do his best. Winning in itself is meaningless." □

BUDD WILLIAMS *Kids grow in his garden.*

"THE SEEDS YOU PLANT in young minds by work in the soil leave little room for weeds to grow," says Budd Williams. The retired machinist of Port Matilda, Pa., a widower with no children of his own, has turned his gardening hobby into an adventure which he shares with the town's youngsters. For six years his Children's Garden has reflected the fruits of each summer's labors.

The plan originated when Mr. Williams retired to the area of his farm-boy youth. He had a greenhouse, a plot of land, gardening know-how, and time. He offered to teach youngsters how to garden if they would accept responsibility for individual plots. More than 30 youngsters responded and were constructively occupied throughout the summer.

Mr. Williams provides all garden supplies. The children select the flowers they want from his greenhouse and he gives careful instructions on how to plant and tend them. At season's end they are taught how to clear the garden and make ready for the following year's planting. Mr. Williams also hosts a party where each child receives a cash prize for his efforts.

Recently the popular senior citizen inspired the organization of a Junior Garden Club in Port Matilda. Members plan to carry on the Children's Garden, supply flowers to shut-ins and hospitalized people, and plant flowers along roadsides. Mr. Williams' efforts have netted him additional satisfaction. With time to spare during long winter months, he keeps busy making preparations for the next summer's garden and reading books and magazines to increase his own knowledge. Convinced his project is a mutually good investment, he says, "The Man above directs me; I just pass it on." □

THELMA BARNES *Champion of the dispossessed.*

MANY EDUCATED and talented natives of Mississippi's depressed Delta region move away to find better opportunities elsewhere. Thelma Barnes, born in Issaquena County, Mississippi, is an exception. After graduation from Henderson Business College in Memphis, Tenn., she became the first Negro to teach a state-sponsored adult typing class in Greenville, Miss. As the first Negro clerk at Greenville Air Force Base, she received an outstanding performance rating.

Determined to help upgrade conditions for the poor and disadvantaged, Mrs. Barnes joined the Delta Ministry, a National Council of Churches project, in 1964, as its first secretary. "Education is our goal," says the organization's director Owen Brooks, "to develop the ability of poor people to control the forces which govern their lives." As Mr. Brooks' administrative assistant and director of special projects, Mrs. Barnes now works with relief services, development of Freedom Village, a new community, Head-Start policy-making boards, and advisory committees on job training, medical affairs, and economic development.

A 1968 Congressional candidate, Mrs. Barnes attends Revels Memorial United Methodist Church in Greenville and serves as a lay speaker. She is the mother of two boys and two girls. □

Letters From Elsewhere *by Herman B. Teeter*

'I Myself have Counted it All up . . . and in the Mail I May have Won $117,450.32'

Deer Editur:

One thing nice I can say about your *Together* magazine, Mr. Editur, is that you havent wrote me and said I may already have won $50,000 and a free trip to the Bermuders or somers like that if onley I will send in my 4 Luckie Numbers and $15.00 for a 5 year suscription.

Your magazine is about the onley 1 that has not did this and therefour I wish to Xpress my deep apreciation since I and several of my naybors is either drove about crazy or into bankruptsy by all the things we may have already won during the past winter, which has been a real hard one.

Things was froze solid and the rodes was not passible for most of the month of Feb., Xcept for the mail man who sports a 4-wheel drive, and therefour their wasnt nothing much for anybody to do but set at home in front of their farplace and dream about all the money, trips, cars, tv sets, and $200.00 per month for life they may already have won according to the mail they was recieving.

I myself have counted it all up, Mr. Editur, and found that since last Oct. in the mail I may have won $117,450.32 if I had ordered the records, cyclopedias, and magazines that was so generously offered me. This sometimes keeps me wide eyed awake in bed at night or causes me to toss restless on the sofa after Sun. dinner.

But you should see what it has did to Froggie Fenton, formerly a prosperus and sustantial citizen and solid piller of the Elsewhere United Methodist Church who has literal gone to peaces in 3 mos. time. I went to visit Froggie one p.m. last week to ast him why he was not keeping up his pledge to the church like he always done until now, and also to pick up a item or 2 as Elsewhere coresptd. for the Weekly Clarion to which I am generously rewarded with a free anual suscription for my trouble.

Well, I could tell that Froggie was in dire straights the minit I was admitted to his parlor which looked like it was a warehouse for a Seers Rowbuck or a Woolwerth 5 & 10.

"Did you notise, Hegbert, has the maleman come?" Froggie ast me before I could even say howdy, ast him about his pledge or if he knew any news.

"No he has not came yet," I replied. "Was you Xpecting a important leter Froggie?"

"I am due to recieve 30 LP records in the Great Tresury of Operyatic Music, plus a all-Xpense trip to Hawaii for me and my wife who has just now up and left me for reasons unknown," Froggie said.

He was shaking like a leaf and ringing his hands.

"Froggie you cant play no records. You dont have no Vicktrola."

"I could buy me 1 with the money I am about to receive from the big New York company which wrote and said the Fenton family is one of the select few in the Elsewhere community eligible to receive a $1,000 cash award, plus numerous other prises, and may already be a winner in the 1970 Grand Sweepstakes."

Yes, I told Froggie, you are among the select few which includes the Clutters, Freemans, Casons, Browns, Sullivans, Creekmores, Logans, Walkers, and Goosenberrys, which just about takes care of everybody hereabouts. "Not one of them" I declared, "has won a holiday trip, $200 per month for life, color tv set, long range 15-transister radio, or pocket pen flashlight even."

Well, Froggie set down on a big box of books which he hadnt opened yet marked "The Homemakers Encyclopedia, Vols. I through 36," which he was one of the select few permitted to buy, and begun to moan and carry on.

"Hegbert," he said, "I have fought the good fight, but I am at the end of my row. I am in need of a preacher, doctor, or brain surgon, which ever is handiest. I cannot pay my church pledge for which I know you have came hear, and if I was not so proud I would ast you to let me borry 5 or 10 dollars for a few days. Just look in my billfold. It is as bare as old Baldy Mt. in January."

"Froggie," I said, "if I loant you any money they wouldnt be no room for it in that billfold, it is so stuffed

with credit cards. Let us get in your car and run over to Bro. Viktors and see if he can pray you out of this mess."

"My car aint here," Froggie said. "My boy Flip is out driving it. I told him to run it up hill and down hill and thru the hollers until the tank was empty and we could have it filled up again with Supreme Gas at the L & R Service Station which is giving anyone $5,000 if they have all the pitchers of the presidents, which I now have 3 or 4 of everybody already Xcept Andrew Johnson. Can you tell me Hegbert why it is that they dont never give me the one with the pitcher of Andrew Johnson on it so I can win the big prise?"

I hated to leave Froggie sunk so low and no questions answered but I thought I had better hurry over and inlist the aid of Bro. Viktor.

"Hegbert," Bro. Viktor said, "This thing is a curse and a adomnation. Even the widow Wagner has suscribed three times this year to the Farm & Family Digest Monthly magazine and aint got nothing in return but 3 copies of it in her mail box every month."

"You know, Bro. Viktor," said I, "sometimes I think they ought to be a comandment against it. Do you reckon Moses didnt git down off Sinia Mt. with all the comandments the Lord give him? Maybe Moses slipped on a rock or some wet grass when he come down off Sinia and broke a comandment or 2."

Bro. Viktor said he wouldnt go so far as to say that. "The Lord covered everything pretty well in a few words, Hegbert. All we got to do is study upon them words. Take covet, for incidence. That word covers a heap of ground."

Bro. Viktor reached for his hat. "Well, so long Hegbert. I'd better mosey on over and see what I can do to help Froggie fight this dred compulsion of his."

I dont know, Mr. Editur. Sometimes I wisht the Lord would have put a kind of P.S. on the 10 comandments, saying "Thou shouldst know thou also may not already be a winner!"

Anyway, it shure wood of helped poor old Froggie and a lot of other folks down hear at Elsewhere.

Sinserely yours,
H. Clutter

MAN'S
THOUGHTS OF A ~~HOUSE~~WIFE
BY GRACE RUSSELL

"I must confess . . .
. . . the vocation of a housewife — is not my cup of tea . . ."
. . . "other women might really get a kick out of scrubbing floors . . ."
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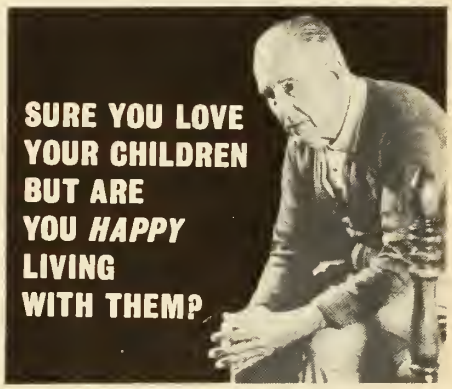

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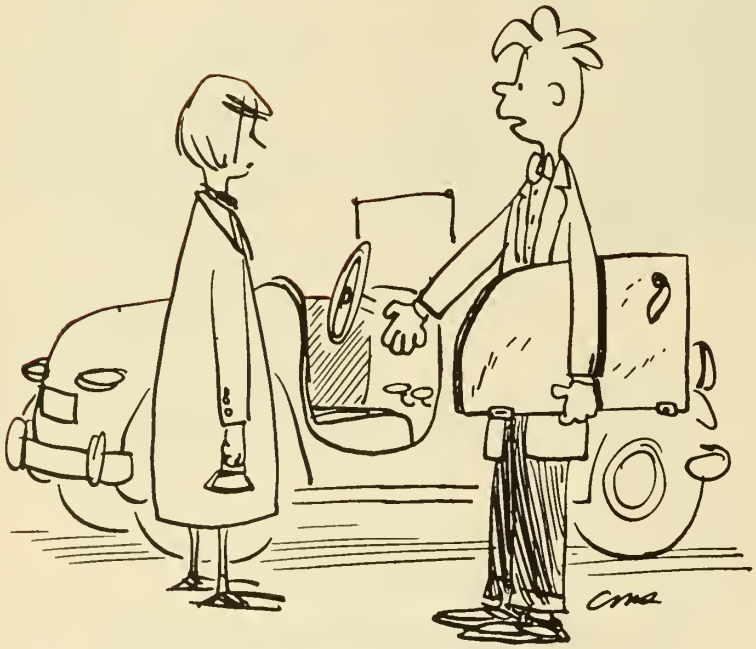
Teens

By DALE WHITE



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz © 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Step right in. . . . I'll hold the door for you!"

THERE IS a need to help the kids find summer jobs. This letter shows it:

"Last summer I tried to obtain a meaningful job. I found that this was very hard.

"Now here I am almost 18, and still no job for this summer. I'm getting desperate!

"I would like any suggestions or materials on jobs that would be meaningful. Any job lists would be helpful. Job opportunities are terribly hard to come by around here."

To all kids: Be aggressive in your search for work. Let everyone around know you are looking. Talk to guidance counselors, your minister, employment or youth manpower agencies, nearby stores, firms, and health and welfare agencies, local government. Ask your parents to inquire among their friends. Quiz other kids on their job-hunting successes, especially those who graduated from high school in the past couple years. Check the "Help Wanted" ads in newspapers around the area. Follow up every lead.

Occasionally I hear from young people who have created their own jobs. They look around, find some unmet human need, and create a service to meet it. In many areas people gladly pay for services not available simply because no one offers them. These may include: yard work, heavy cleaning in home or shop, light repair and maintenance work, delivery service, daytime sitting with children or elderly invalids, driving the elderly to stores or doctors' offices, and so forth.

For those who cannot find work or do not need the money, volunteer services can offer a rewarding and meaningful summer experience. Candy-striping in a local hospital, playground work, serving in a home for children or the aged, vacation church school, church camp—wherever human need calls, meaningful service awaits.

Many youth groups create service opportunities for their members. Young people write to tell of exciting times at work camps provided by their church group. Your minister can let you know of opportunities provided by the annual conference and The United Methodist Church. Local church groups can create recreation programs or child-care services for neighborhood children, work camps in poverty areas, or personal enrichment tours for their own members.

Young people often feel anxious about the mystery behind the closed doors of business and industry. They wonder whether they have any skills which anyone can use. Joining an Explorer post sponsored by a nearby firm or agency can give young men entree into the inner workings of adult life. Even working for no pay in exchange for training can offer a valuable experience. A few weeks of on-the-job training could lead to a job next summer. It could also help a young person to grow in maturity and self-confidence, as well as putting summer boredom on the run. Why not give it a try?

Qa

I'm 19, living at home with parents. Not yet ready to get out completely on my own. I'll tell you the reason.

During high school I started drugs. Very good trips and found my way. I dropped 1,000 "mics" and the comedown was great. Not thinking when I started of ending up in a different place. Seventeen years old when I started. I stayed with people on acid, speed, and weed, long-hair disease. Peace and love with all head.

It took me until the beginning of this summer of '69 before I was slipping back. I needed more. I went to people of Hell's Angels. There the president told me of my condition and tried to help me in every way. My boyfriend didn't want me to leave, liking me the way I was. I did every minute holding on to what I thought was reality. Not able to sleep. Now I can see my boyfriend is trying to get out.

It's so hard to keep my head straight and hurt so much to think of drugs, alcohol, anyone on them. If people could only see bad trips —a woman who doesn't move; a friend; a man coming off heroin, finally got to him, screaming and pleading to die. No one would even think of touching it. No one will

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Read about our students in this issue!
(SEE STORY PAGE 4)

look or like you on the stuff. You only hurt yourself. I found there isn't anyone who will care about where you are if you go out. Only the person can get through. No one to help you come back.

I die inside and cry to think of the stuff. I'm still coming through. So hard, but one-half way home. Keeping my head straight. Anyone could tear a person to bits, but no one will be there to put you together but you *alone*, sinking.

I am not religious. My mother has faith. I love her and hurt her deeply. No one can tell kids. They must decide. It's easy to go off and hard to keep straight. I hope I get through to anyone. Don't be another fool!

Easy road going, my friend, hard road coming, *if* you are able. No sermon, just facts. All from people.

Look around! More straights than heads. Why? Simple living.—A.V.

Your experience speaks for itself. We can only hope young people will be open to the testimony of you who have gone the drug route.

Q&A

I have a problem that bothers me a lot. A few months ago our freshman class had a death. This boy was well known, liked, and involved in many activities. I had him in one of my classes. Now I feel responsible for his death! Why?

I also attended his funeral which was Catholic. I miss him a lot! Please help me! Why do I feel responsible?—R.H.

Your feelings could come from a common quirk of human nature. Freud thought that each of us has a primitive death wish inside, carried over from our primordial past. Whether that is true or not, we often harbor secret hatreds and unconscious wishes for another person to die.

Sometimes jealousy is behind it. Some very attractive, capable, or popular person will turn us green with envy, especially if we lose out to him in a competition. Dark, forbidden rage will rise up inside, which we fight down and promptly forget. Or fierce rivalries between brothers and sisters, father and son, or mother and daughter start the hateful feelings going. Once in awhile a young person will have a horrible dream of killing some person who may be loved, but just as fiercely hated at the same time.

With all this going inside, when someone close to us dies, our brain circuits start sparking around and get all the signals mixed up. Somehow they get us thinking we caused the death when we didn't have a thing to do with it. The guilty feelings keep us from grieving properly, and we get depressed.

Usually this all unravels itself as the hurt diminishes and good sense takes over. If months go by without relief, a professional counselor should be seen.

Q&A

I am 15, and will be a sophomore in high school. My problem is finding out the true "facts of life." I've asked my mother about intercourse, but she didn't tell me much. I've heard so many lies about it that I don't know what to believe. Where can I send for a pamphlet explaining it? Thank you.—K.A.

I think the best book in the field for senior-high youth is still *Love and the Facts of Life* (Association Press, 95¢), by Evelyn Millis Duvall. Why not ask your minister or youth counselor to order a copy for you from the nearest Cokesbury Book Store. I like to see church youth groups order a few copies for circulation among their members.

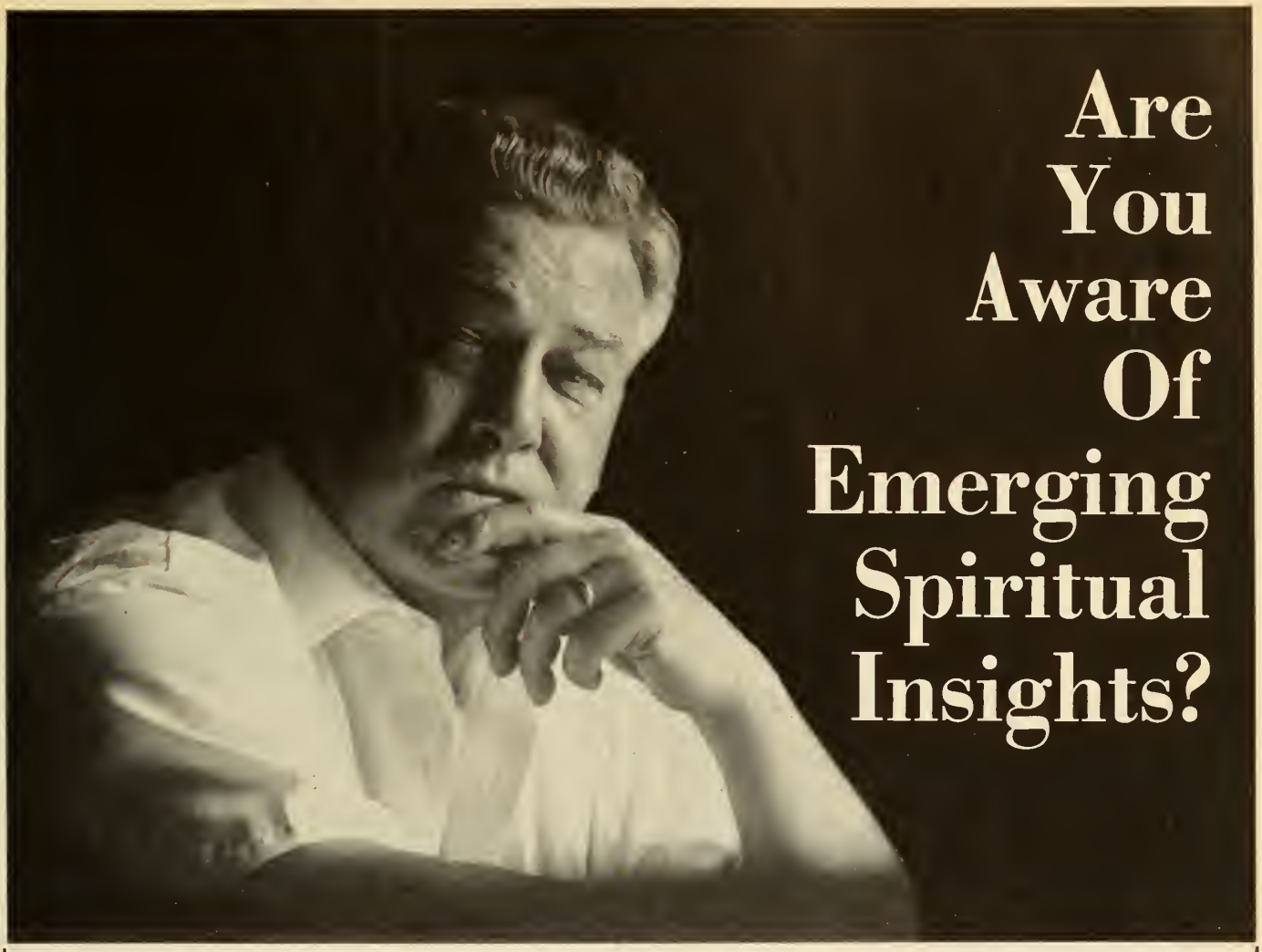
Parents don't realize how hard it remains in many areas for young people to get any straight facts in an atmosphere of respect and reverence for life. With hateful right-wing groups on the rampage against sex education, some communities have cut out all family-life instruction in the schools. We in the churches should show we are not so easily intimidated!

Q&A

I'm a 16-year-old girl who has had just about everything. I have great, understanding parents. We are above middle class. And most of all, I have always had many friends.

Whenever I went out for something I usually got it. For two years I was a cheerleader. During my second year I started gaining weight. So when I tried out the next year I lost, I guess because of my weight. The next year I went out again and needless to say, lost again.

These two years have been pure



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hell. I feel very humiliated and inferior. This is really affecting my personality. I try not to feel like a failure, but I do. I try to confide in God. But I've never found an answer.

I don't want to go completely into a rut.—N.N.

Sometimes kids are spoiled by a childhood in which everything goes too well. Their first reality shocks hit them in the confusing years of adolescence. The impact is so great that their self-confidence suffers a severe blow.

Now your character is being put to the test. It is a simple thing to go out to meet life when fortune smiles, and quite another to struggle through the barren times. Obviously, you have too much going for you to be defeated by a few minor setbacks.

You have understanding parents and good friends. Sharing your feelings of defeat and humiliation with your mother or a trusted friend can help you to see them in a better light. Their love can help you to break the vicious cycle which goes from defeat to self-hatred to anxiety to timidity to new defeat. That is one merry-go-round which offers no brass ring!

The best way to use the barren times between victories is to increase your personal assets. For you this may mean joining Weight Watchers, developing new talents, studying good grooming, building up your social skills through participation in clubs or groups, and increasing faith through disciplined worship and personal prayer.

Q:

My problem is probably what all kids my age have. I get the feeling that I'm not wanted to participate in family activities; for that matter I don't even want to. I sometimes get the feeling I'm just being kept around to be a cook, dishwasher, and a general maid. It seems to me no matter how much privacy I want, just to read books or to think, always my mom orders me to stay with the family.

One incident has left me with hard feelings. Since I get my own allowance, I feel that I've earned it. And when I wanted to spend it this week on a movie, which would cost me 90¢, my mom promptly replied that I couldn't go because it was too expensive. Oh, don't get me wrong. I knew it was

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too expensive and had already changed my mind. The point is, my mom told me that I couldn't spend it because I didn't earn it and haven't earned 2¢ for years. To top it off she slapped me and stalked off. I can't help wondering why Mom treats me as if she despises me at times. Could you help me in any way?—V.S.

It all sounds so familiar. When these demonic patterns get going in families, any little thing can keep them boiling. If they aren't arguing about allowances and privacy, it will be about dating and homework. It is the rare family which doesn't have some of this when the teen-agers are going through.

One thing you can do is to learn how to fight properly. Did you ever notice a mother dog wrestling with her growing puppies? They get awfully rough at times, but they never really hurt each other. Successful families find ways to get their hostility out without doing serious harm to the spirits of their members.

Read Dr. Haim G. Ginott's book *Between Parent and Teenager* (Macmillan Co., $5.95). Parents and youth need to keep it handy and read it about once every six weeks.

Qa

In the March 1970 issue of *Together* a girl wrote in about her private UN and sent the Youth of all Nations address.

Well, I also, have a private UN. I correspond with six teens from Germany, Denmark. Italy, Mexico, India, and Australia. Through my correspondence with these friends the world seems a bit more real, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, I want to share the address of another international agency with your readers: *Letters Abroad*, 18 E. 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

By the way, the motto of the Y.O.A.N., "Through young understanding towards world peace," was beautiful!—E.T.

Thanks a lot! If you missed the April *Together*, look in it for the addresses of other international correspondence agencies. Letter-writing is the cheapest way I know to get overseas.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

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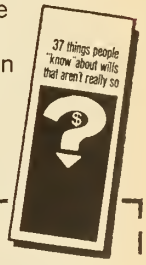

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Jottings

One of our office poets—we have many, it seems—recently dashed off these lines: "Month after month they come marching through—the red, the gray, the orange, the blue."

All of which may mean nothing to you; to us, much. Reference is to the colored file folders containing the articles, pictorials, short features, poems, and regular-department copy that appear in TOGETHER. (The various colors help identify the type of feature.)

When an article is planned far in advance, as many are, its folder tends to fatten enormously as it collects material related to the subject we have in mind. Meanwhile, it often accumulates miscellany that doesn't necessarily pertain directly to the feature.

This came to mind yesterday when we sorted through the two large file racks reserved for this issue which, you may have noticed, has several articles related to students and college life. One of the folders (red) for *Passing the Test or Flunking Out?* [page 26] has been filling for two years with notes, letters, clippings, comments, revisions, updating, and miscellaneous background material from many sources.

Naturally, the file folder contains the manuscript submitted by **Ivan** and **Carol Doig**, a husband-wife writing team. She is a former member of our staff who is teaching in Washington State; he (at the time the article was written) was working on his doctorate at the University of Washington.

What caught our eye, however, was the abundance of interesting material not directly related to the Doigs' manuscript on the ecumenical campus ministry at the University of Washington.

There is, for example, a personal, handwritten letter from one of the pioneers in campus ministry, the eminent Dr. E. Guy Cutshall of Hixton, Wis. He was commenting, in 1967, on an entirely different subject, but one of increasing importance today. Back in 1926, Dr. Cutshall wrote, he was president of Iliff School of Theology in Denver and taught a course in logic which could have been called the "Philosophy of Science." Students took it in their senior year.

Dr. Cutshall declares, "The church is sick, all religions today [are] sick, because man has lost confidence in a future, self-conscious life.

"Hydrogenesis has taken the place of Genesis. Man is an atom episode in a vast sea of molecules that comes to life in complexity and goes out of life in death."

We will never get out of the philosophy of despair and nihilism, Dr. Cutshall continues, without a brand new logic which restores to man his cosmic dignity as a toolmaker. Science—all science—is a tool. The new faith will come when Christians and all other religious leaders outthink the materialists, restoring God and man to their original images.

Wise words from a man nearing 80, a former pastor who has headed two colleges and a seminary. Mrs. Cutshall tells us her husband stays busy all the time, combining physical exercise with scholarship, and "has perfect health."

"My husband was in a humbler way the first to organize (in 1921) a Wesley Foundation in the cooperative endeavor joining [various churches] in what was called the Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania." She adds that her husband went to West Virginia Wesleyan "at that time as the youngest college president in the U.S."

In contrast to this very bulky folder is a thin one (blue) labeled *The World Beneath Your Feet*, devoted to this month's third cover. It reveals a copy of the poem, a letter, and the fact that the author, Mrs. **Olive M. Anderson**, also took the pictures.

When she isn't writing articles like *Mindy on My Mind* [page 36], **Dorothy S. Main** is one of the most active members of a do-it-yourself family. It seems they are always adding touches to their never-completed home in Borger, Texas, sewing rug remnants, refinishing furniture, making gifts.

Her husband, she says, "is an enthusiastic and helpful partner in all our various crafts and projects, but when it comes to my writing, he cheers me on and that's all. If a manuscript is accepted, *then* he reads it . . ."

Coming back last March 25 from their interviews in Cairo, Ill. [see page 8], **Jim Campbell** and **John Lovelace** ran smack-dab into a spring snowstorm that forced them to abandon their car and continue by train to Chicago. For Mr. Campbell, the expected 6-hour journey took 48 hours—he had to go back on Good Friday to retrieve his car at Kankakee, Ill.

In *Student Safari to Africa* [page 4], you will meet the Rev. **Don Mueller**, recognized as one of the nation's leading church playwright-composers. Before going to Africa, he presented the Baker University players in *Only You, Dick Danley, Can Save Us Now*, before 1,200 United Methodist district superintendents who gave the production a standing ovation.

One night before the presentation, the students spontaneously started singing some of Mr. Mueller's original tunes from the sidewalk of Michigan Avenue, scene of rioting during the Democratic National Convention.

Instead of nightsticks and tear gas, these young people drew the applause of an enthusiastic crowd, including, it is presumed, appreciative policemen! —*Your Editors*

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THE WORLD BENEATH YOUR FEET

By Olive M. Anderson

Walk with your eyes,
Tread lightly,
Look before you step.

Goldthread flowers are small
And white,
Golden roots are underground,
But look again
At what the petals hold.

Mosses are more
Than a cushioned rug,
Soft under your feet.
Each has its special pattern,
Its definite shade of green.

British-soldier lichens
Lift their scarlet crests
Under grasses
Where they're often overlooked
And crushed.

Those tiny dots of yellow
Hiding in the moss
Turn out to be miniature mushrooms,
Complete
With caps and stems.

Walk with your eyes,
Tread lightly,
Look before you step.

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